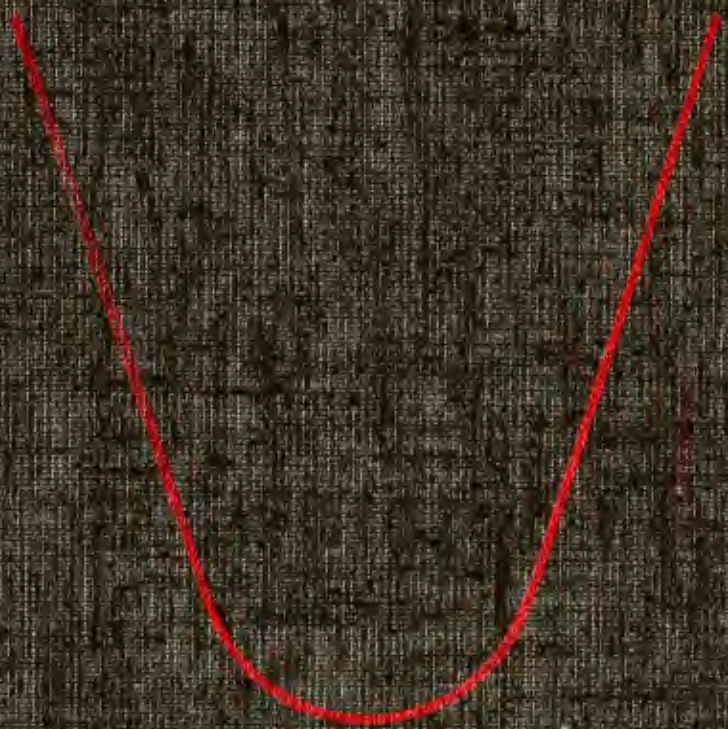

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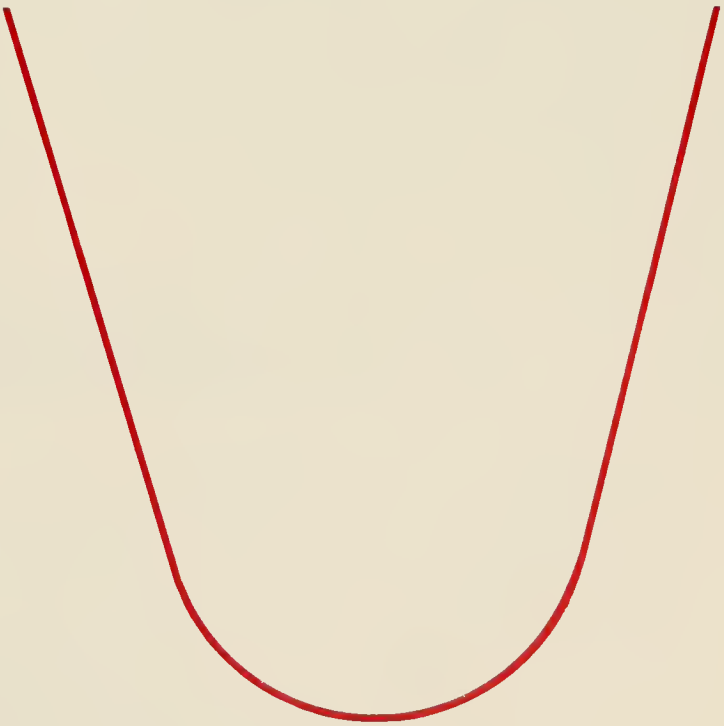


The 1977 Chanticleer

Published by the Publications Board
of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

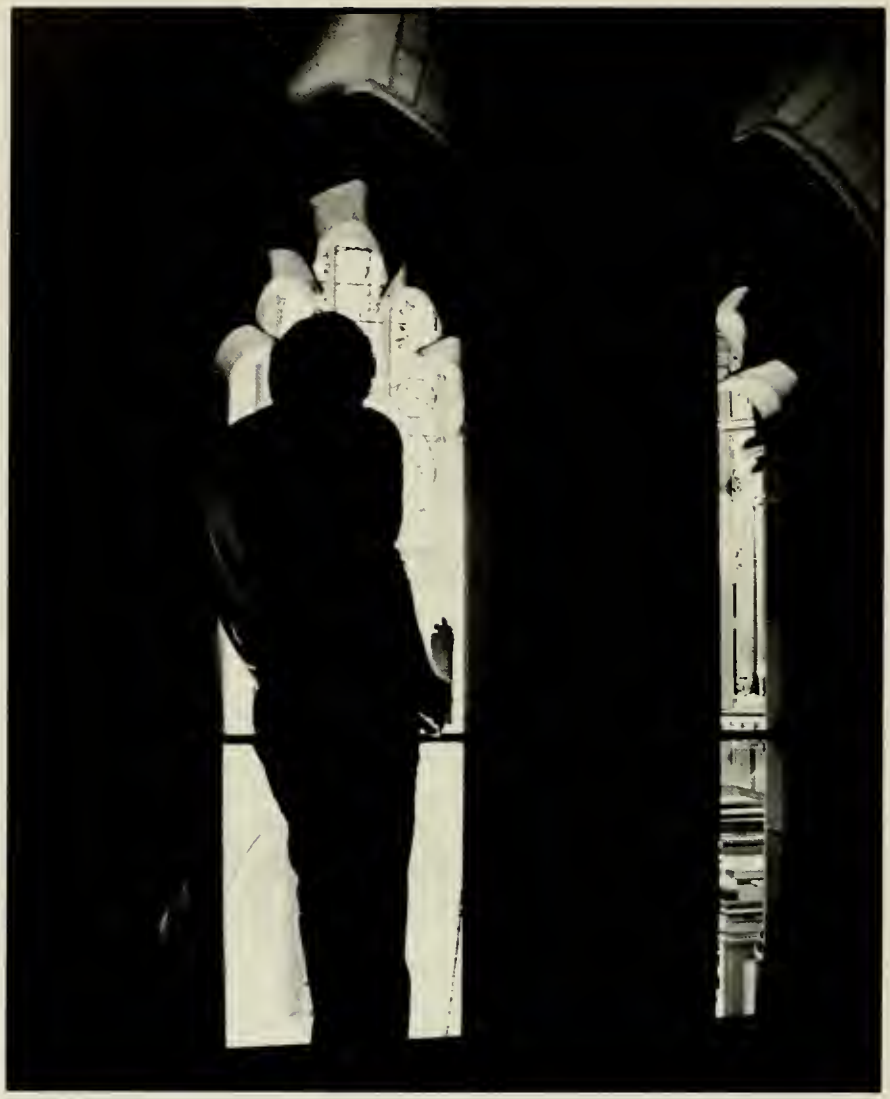
for you, for the buried life,
and for the love we feel.

Three Questions

(Extract from the Alumni Lecture given Saturday, June 18, 1977 by **Harold T. Parker**.*)*

As a result of the internal reforms of the 1960's there emerged within Duke University in the 1970's a brilliant undergraduate college—a brilliant, even a gifted student body, of varied interests and personalities; a curriculum so free of requirements that each student can design his own program in accord with his needs, desires, and dreams and can participate in seminars; at least eight types of living group options, including the option of living off campus; and a rich extra-curricular scene.

And so, it seems, all is well. Nevertheless, I am uneasy about several aspects of the situation. First, I am uneasy about the brilliance of our students. What do we do with them? If I were a member of the Duke faculty or administration, it would be on my conscience until I had done my utmost to make sure we are doing our intelligent best by them. Are we? Second, I am disturbed that Duke University, like other major American universities, has become the associate and sometimes the accomplice of the existing order. This disturbs me because it happened also to the German universities before Hitler. Now let us grant that the United States is probably the freest, wealthiest large society in history. Historically, most people have lived in conditions of poverty, exploitation, and oppression that any self-respecting recipient of welfare in the United States would reject as intolerable. To most people the United States of today would be paradise. As Goethe remarked, "America, you have it better." Also, let us grant that the Declaration of Independence in its implications is still the most radical public document in existence, more radical than the **Communist Manifesto**. Nevertheless, the United States is a consumerist, materialist, pleasure-oriented society. These attributes do not reflect the highest spiritual and ethical ideals. Moreover, big business, big government including the military, big labor, and in some regions big agriculture, operating in a mixed economy, are the driving forces in American life. This paradigm is generally accepted. Yet there are anomalies, such as the billions for welfare, which suggest that other paradigms might do better. But about these shortcomings of American culture our universities say little. Their multiple internship programs, excellent in their specialized intent and achievement, accept the existing system as a given. Historians, a century from now, looking back on us, may comment that American universities failed American society. So, thirdly, I am uneasy that Duke University, like other major universities, like the United States itself, may become, if it is not already, a mindless powerhouse, an aggregation of specialist operators, forgetful, heedless of the ultimate purpose and meaning of their activity, unknowing. That was not true of the faculty and students of old Trinity College before it became Duke University. They knew they were doing something important: building men of intellectual and moral character and elevating the culture of a region. What are we doing?

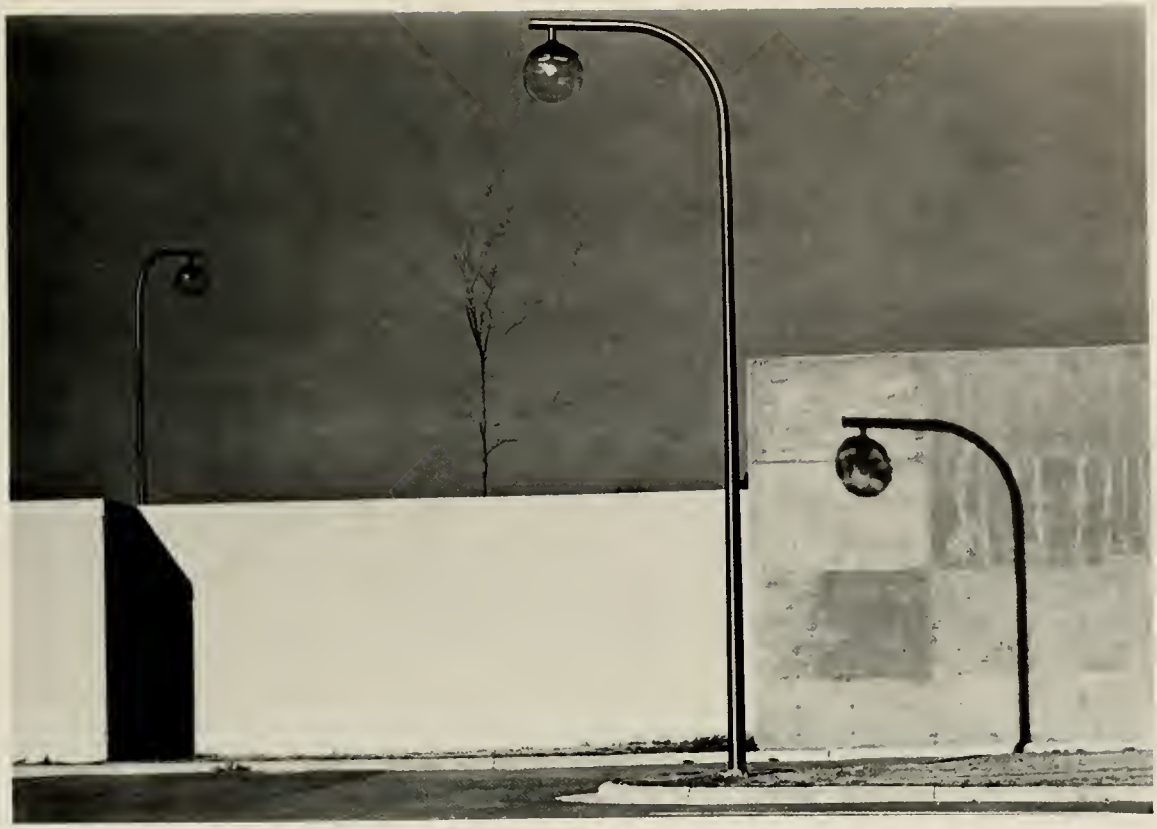


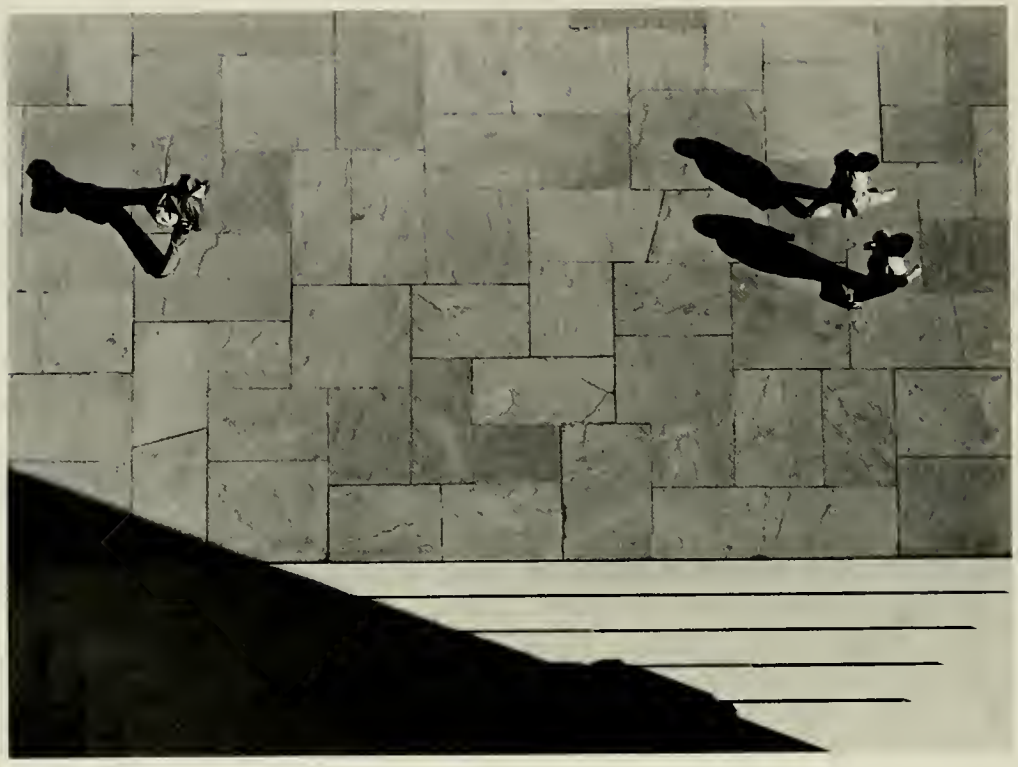
Our Parabolic Duchess

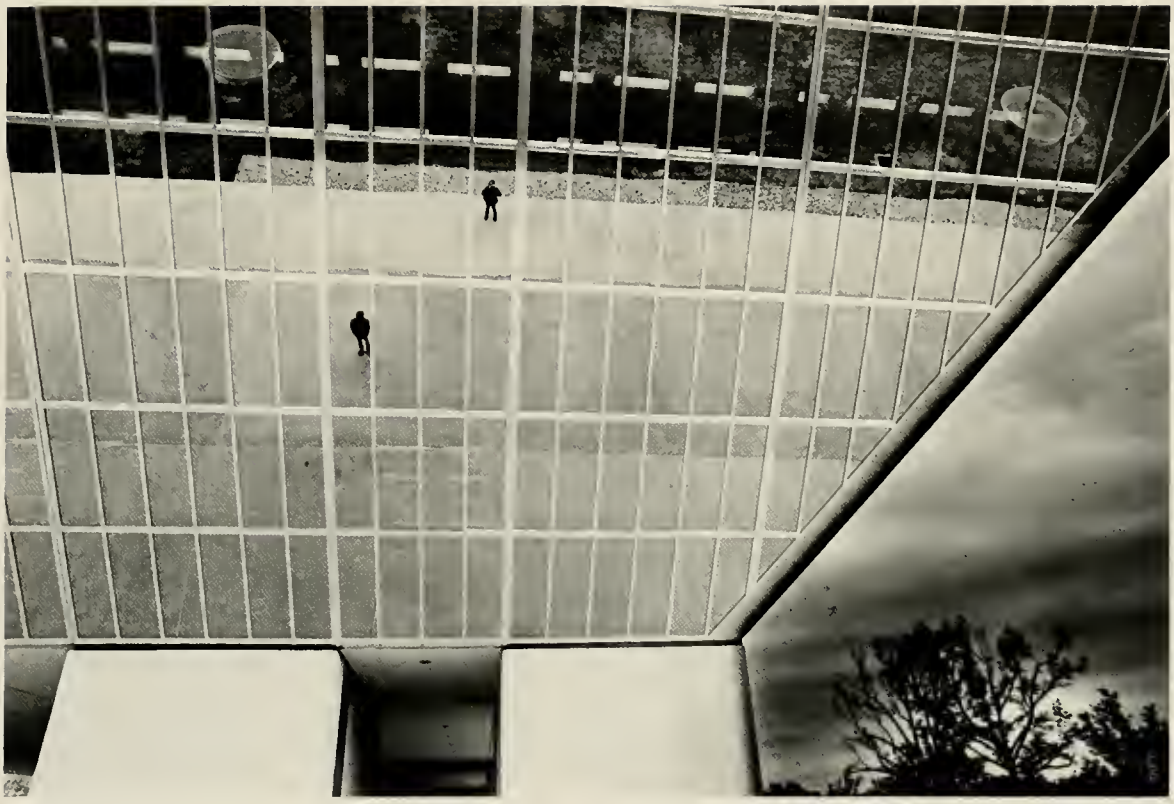
She came here a few years ago and stayed. Most of the time when I see her she's alone. Once we had a talk in the C.I. over hot cocoa. It was one of those cold and grey days last winter which seemed to come one after another unendingly, like drops of water from a leaky faucet.

She said she likes being alone — it gives her time to think. She seems very religious — but I guess that's just the feeling she gives me.

For all her loneliness there's something very warm and alluring about her. She reminds me of the lush Carolina countryside in the fall — the sound of so many dry leaves and the somnolent promise of spring.







THE MISSION OF ENTITY 112-36-2848

by
Jon Rogers

1. OUT OF THE GRAVE:

The ship folded the huge wings it used for sailing on the solar wind and dropped into the sun like a falcon stooping to its prey. The white, purposeful air swirled and eddied and formed into shapes imaging the history of all it had known, until it transformed the ship into itself. This is the death that gives new life. The entity had shown itself an industrious and competent transducer, trapping and imbibing the light and expelling it as the superlife on which the universes feed and grow. Now it had been decided to take the Risk: Entity 112-36-2848 would become a human, born of water and of blood, pulled down by gravity yet with a dim rememberance of that white wind in the sun.

The planet Earth was a rock, yet it was a living rock, waters churning across its surface in ever-changing patterns. It had produced creatures which knew nothing but the heaviest of these waters, others which lived in the shifting mantle of the clouds, and others which moved horizontally over the dryer areas of the rock. Between them all was a chimaerical creature which struggled to remain vertical, to balance the earth and the sun in its chest, neither to hate nor to love exclusively. Comically, it had a habit of stumbling over its own feet. Tragically, it would kill for pleasure and it would love so fiercely as to consume its beloved. But occasionally, accidentally, it would fine-tune itself to the vertical and in a certain movement of unconscious grace, a certain centering of the mind, it would become weightless and realise for a moment that it stood at the pivot of the Transformation, that if it wobbled the energy of the universes would be blocked. But most of the time, it wobbled, and thought it was O.K.

The energy must pass through a point where it has definite kinship neither with its origin nor its goal, and this is the point of greatest danger. It must find that precise place where the parabola turns on itself. If it turns too soon, it breaks with its past, despises its earthly mission, and fills with pride. If it does not turn, it sinks into oblivion and is lost. When it turns exactly, the stars sing a richer chord.

For this task, the Entity was said to be prepared. It arose from the stones of the dead and entered the city.

2. INTO THE WOMAN:

It was especially the curve of her neck which excited him. Her head knew that it was part of her body—so often either the head or the body seems to have been added on as an afterthought—and it floated on the tapering cone that began with the sinews on her shoulders.

Your neck is like the Tower of David,
but for an arsenal,
whereon hang a thousand bucklers,
all of them shields of warriors.

When she moved she first willed it in her navel, and then all of her flowed pressureless across the ground, the string of a musical instrument pulled to the proper tension by her head and her feet.

Your belly is a heap of wheat,
encircled with lillies.

She copied her movements from no-one, not from the undulations of the cowboy's whore nor from the defiant strides of the Liberated Woman. When she enfolded him she softened her bones and became many-armed, many-legged, many-mouthed and many-breasted. There was only She and Him. Their movements were not calculated, they were movements moved by the langourous swelling of the ocean, by the pirouetting of bees dancing with themselves, by the breathing of the seasons.

'Let us come to one another', a voice said, and the breathing of the seasons quickened, the bees pirouetted faster and louder, the ocean cracked and roared, the Man and the Woman became larger than the universes and fell into each other as white hole exploding into black hole and there was peace as each slept in the forest of the other's groin.

3. THE VOICE OF THE PAINTED PRIEST:

At the clearing in the forest of pillars the priest prepared to speak.

'On this happy occasion, dearly beloved, we are here to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. It is always a great pleasure for me to talk with young couples. Their faces are so fresh and eager. Their hearts are so full of hope. Their lives are so full of promise. Jon and Shelagh, of course, are no exception. They are committed to each other. They will here publicly and before God testify of their love and of their fidelity and I shall have the joy of pronouncing the blessing of the Church over them. They will go forth from here with the love, I am sure, of all of us, not just at this moment, but for always. They will endure many trials and be beset with many temptations. They may wish to terminate their union. But let them remember, my dearly beloved, that should their minds ever turn to those iniquitous thoughts of adultery, fornication, bestiality, homosexuality or lust, then shall the wrath of God be kindled against them, "for our God is a consuming fire"! And now, unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you, may he bless you and keep you all the days of your life and bring you unto his eternal sexless bliss. Amen.'

4. THEIR TEETH SHOW WHEN THEY LAUGH:

Everyone was determined to enjoy the Reception. There was ham, roast beef, turkey, champagne of course, and the ultimate paradise of endless macadamia nuts. The band was able to play anything from waltzes and polkas to nostalgic imitations of the Big Bands, and once when everyone was drunk, it startled us with something very peculiar from the Blue Oyster Cult. ('It's modern', I explained to the Hon. Anthea ffrench-Tollemache, who was clinging insecurely to me. 'Oh,' she replied uncertainly.)

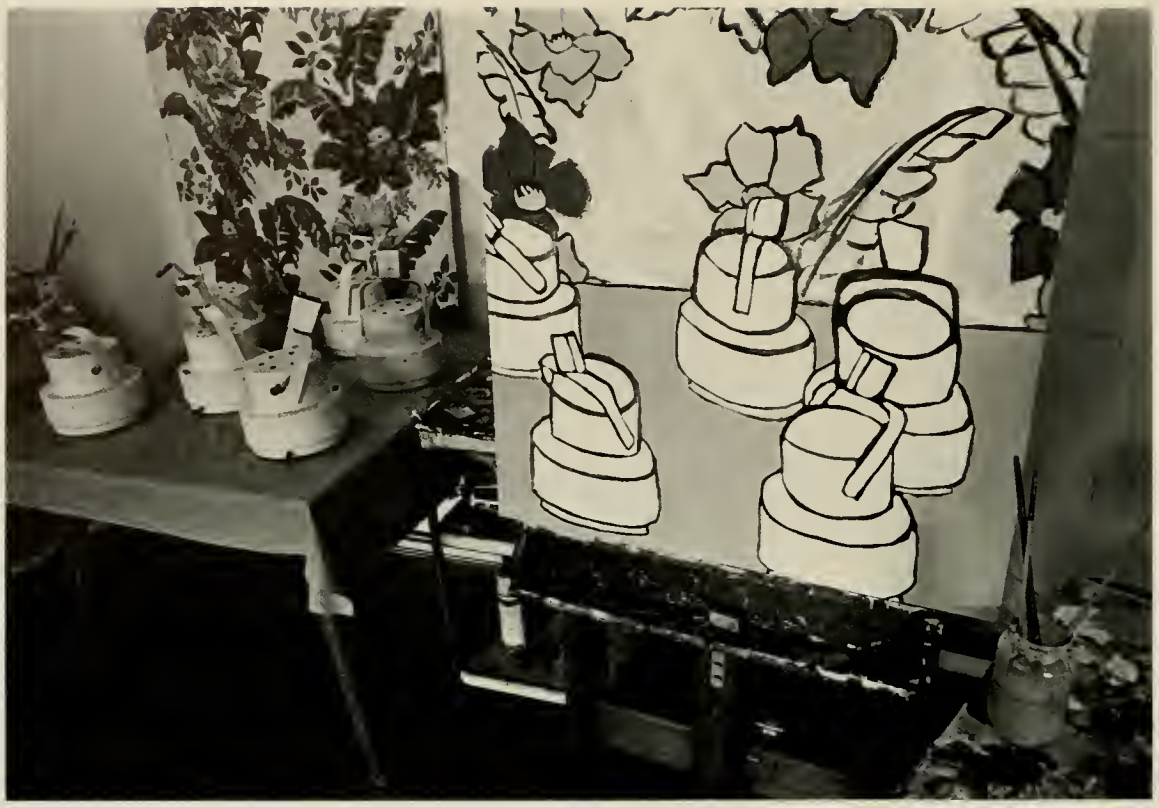
Shelagh was not smiling. 'It means death,' she said. 'Look what happens when they laugh. They show their teeth. Their skulls are under there, under their lips and cheeks and hairdoes. They are the laughing dead. They don't know it. Can't you waken them up?'

5. ENANTIDROMIA:

I must go back. I cannot turn. I am falling. I am being pulled into the earth. I will become a stone, dreamlessly sleeping for a million million years until the earth is sucked into the sun and I shall be liberated to start again. My mind is going into the moon. It wants me as a stone, a stone friend of its own stones.

I was very drunk and I was staring into the mirror. Or perhaps it was staring into me. I stepped into the mirror and through myself.

> And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him,
> out of the village; and when he had spit on his eyes
> and laid his hands upon him, he asked him, 'Do you
> see anything?' And he looked up and said, 'I see
> men; but they look like trees, walking.' Then again he laid his hands upon his eyes; and he looked intently and was restored, and saw everything
> clearly. And he sent him away to his home, saying,
> 'Do not even enter the village.'



6. THE GATE OF ALL MYSTERIES:

Go home. Do not even enter the village. Certainly, then, not the city. Leave the city quietly, don't let anybody know. Pretend you are just out for a walk. Do not even think, 'I am leaving the city.' Walk on. Smile if you have to. Look sad when you're supposed to. But your time here is over, you must get out and take the diamond with you, the diamond that has been formed in you by your compression and anguish. There are diamond-cutters in the city, but there is no-one who knows how, once it has been cut and it has released its light, the diamond-light can be eaten.

In the woods above the city it is cooler. I can relax a little now, the magnetism of the city does not reach here. The pines rise brown and branchless from their brown-needled bed, arching greener where they stretch towards the sun, a cathedral without a priest. There is nobody. I am suddenly very much afraid. **There is nobody**. Maybe there is nothing at all. But then, how could I know there was nothing? Only if there were me, and nothing else. Nobody and nothing, not even to hate. No pain. No death. It was some kind of horrible joke. Some atoms came together capriciously, and I came to be, and I am having a dream that there are others, but now I am waking up, the earth is dissolving, anyone and anything I ever knew is sinking into blackness, the sun itself roars away from me and there is nothing but the devastating din of total, beginingless silence.

Something living nuzzles my leg. I open my eyes. It is a dog. Poor thing, how can it become immortal when it cannot stand upright? It needs the Transducer. I stand up. 'Come, let us go with one another.'

The song of the stars, which had soured for a moment, enriched itself. Entity 112-36-2848 had turned the corner of the parabola.

Quotations: *Song of Solomon 4:4 and 7:2*
Epistle to the Hebrews 12:29
Gospel according to Mark 8:23-26

May 1

Dear World,

I will leave, loving this grey stoned fantasy because it taught me to learn and trudge and continue for as long as I hope.

To be in whiteface is to witness the moon and to know who might know life for no one knows you. Silver clouds are the only ones worth touching and today is as black and as bright as night. Mime is the magic of tomorrow.

Many of us have found ourselves deposited in the intellectual garbage dump or tobacco-soaked industrial grime that is Durham only to realize, years later, that it was a sort of womb in which we have grown, changed, perhaps have been reborn again and again as our lives have unfolded in this town.

BIS
S:MARCVS

UI
S·LV·AS·

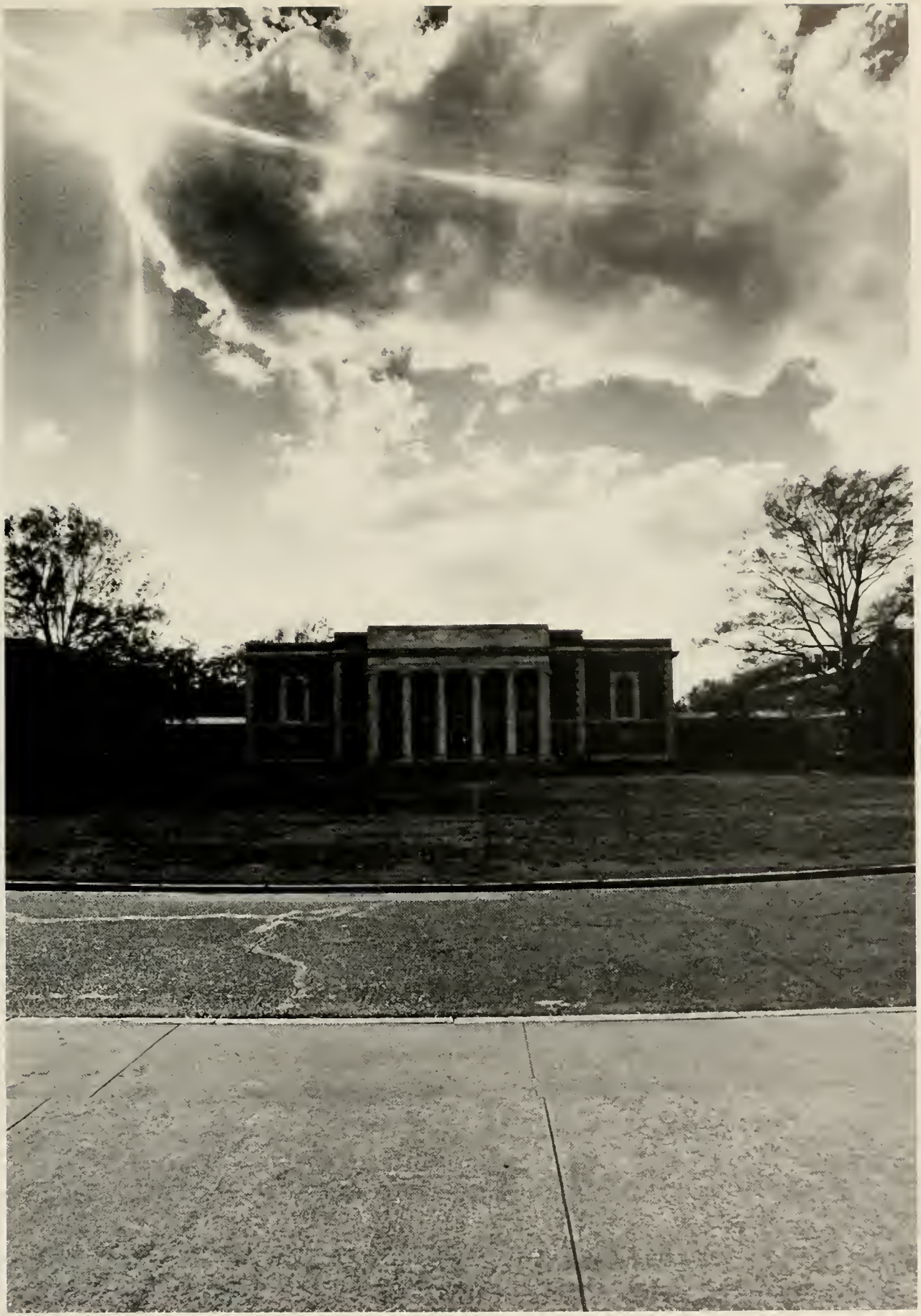
FO
SIONA INCS

This year the biggest thing to penetrate Duke's buccollic splendor was the erection and exhibition of the flentrop organ.

S:MATI

PAIRS

You're a young girl or woman should I say walking the dark narrow path in the woods behind the Chapel ready to yell RAPE, but nothing happens so you make it across that fine line between fantasy and reality bathed in the strange green aura of a bi-campus bus and proceed to your favorite niche in Carr Building where the light is brighter and you can breathe deeper and are swallowed up by your textbook for Psych 104 or Physics 66 or Bio. 14 but who cares, you'll end up either knowing or not knowing, getting or not getting, but as long as you try, that's the object, reaching out for what you want, g r a b b i n g b e f o r e s o m e o n e e l s e g e t s i t (nothat'snotwhattheytellyou) beating out the other guy (noyou'rejustattemptingtoachieveyourgoals) the exhilaration is in competition, the excitement (buttheysaythereissomethingmore), and make sure you don't lose, don't take any wrong steps, the others are there, they want the same thing, and you can't care about them except to make sure they're behind you, the excitement is in running the race, but you say there is something more and must be something more and don't know where to find it and wonder into fantasy and the lights are bright and it's dark outside and you leave the door unlocked, just in case.

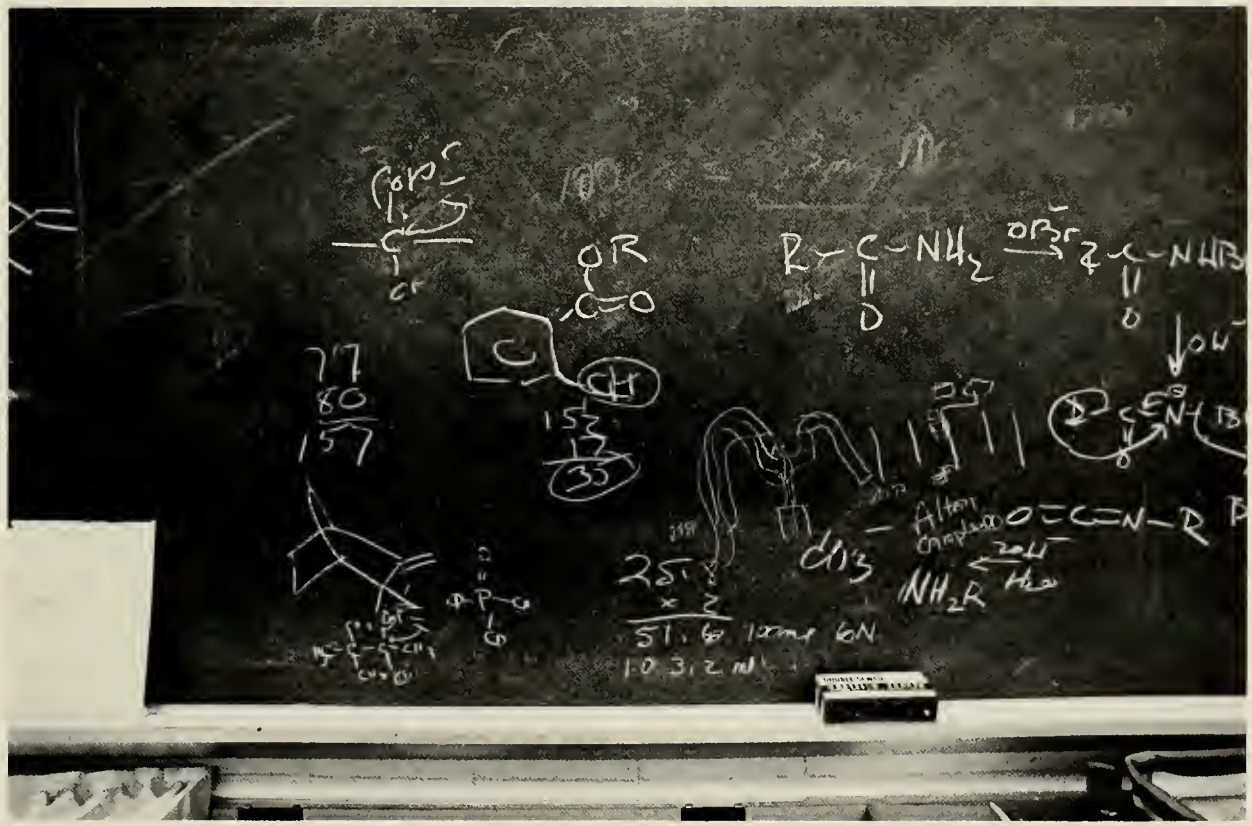


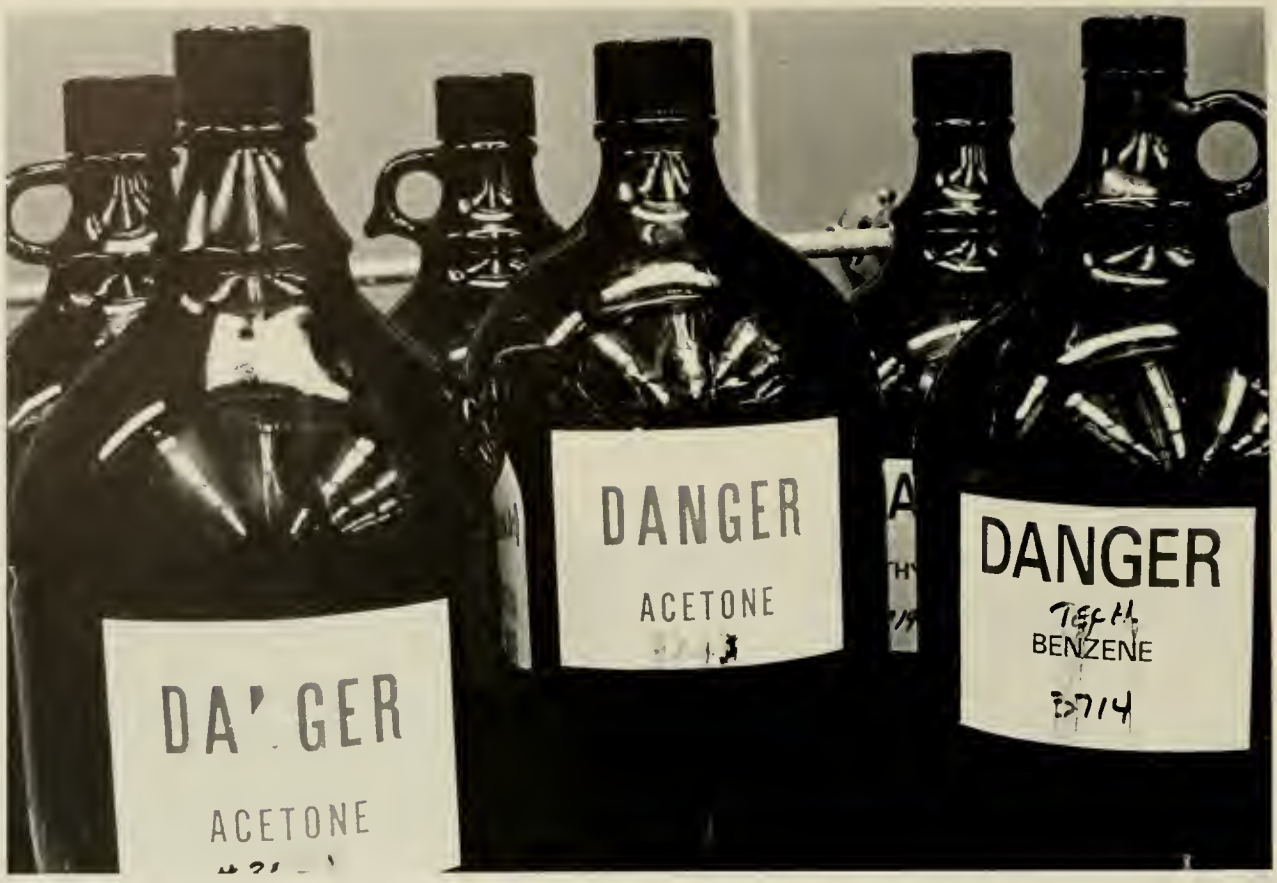
A Trip Around Campus

You needn't step on the stones, they float up to greet barefeet. Everyone wears a clown face and everyone has determined that the Chapel leans, leans just so the sun is caught and thrown to the swinging chains, the tight-rope surrounding the grass. Cars fly in circles, and clouds, grape purple, keep time with any dance. They forgot the wind stopped blowing.

You can't solve a problem? Well, get down and investigate the present facts and its past history! When you have investigated the problem thoroughly, you will know how to solve it. Conclusions invariably come after investigation, and not before. Only a blockhead cudgels his brains on his own, or together with a group, to "find a solution" or "evolve an idea" without making any investigation. It must be stressed that this cannot possibly lead to any effective solution or any good idea.

Mao Tse-Tung, **Oppose Book Worship**




DANGER
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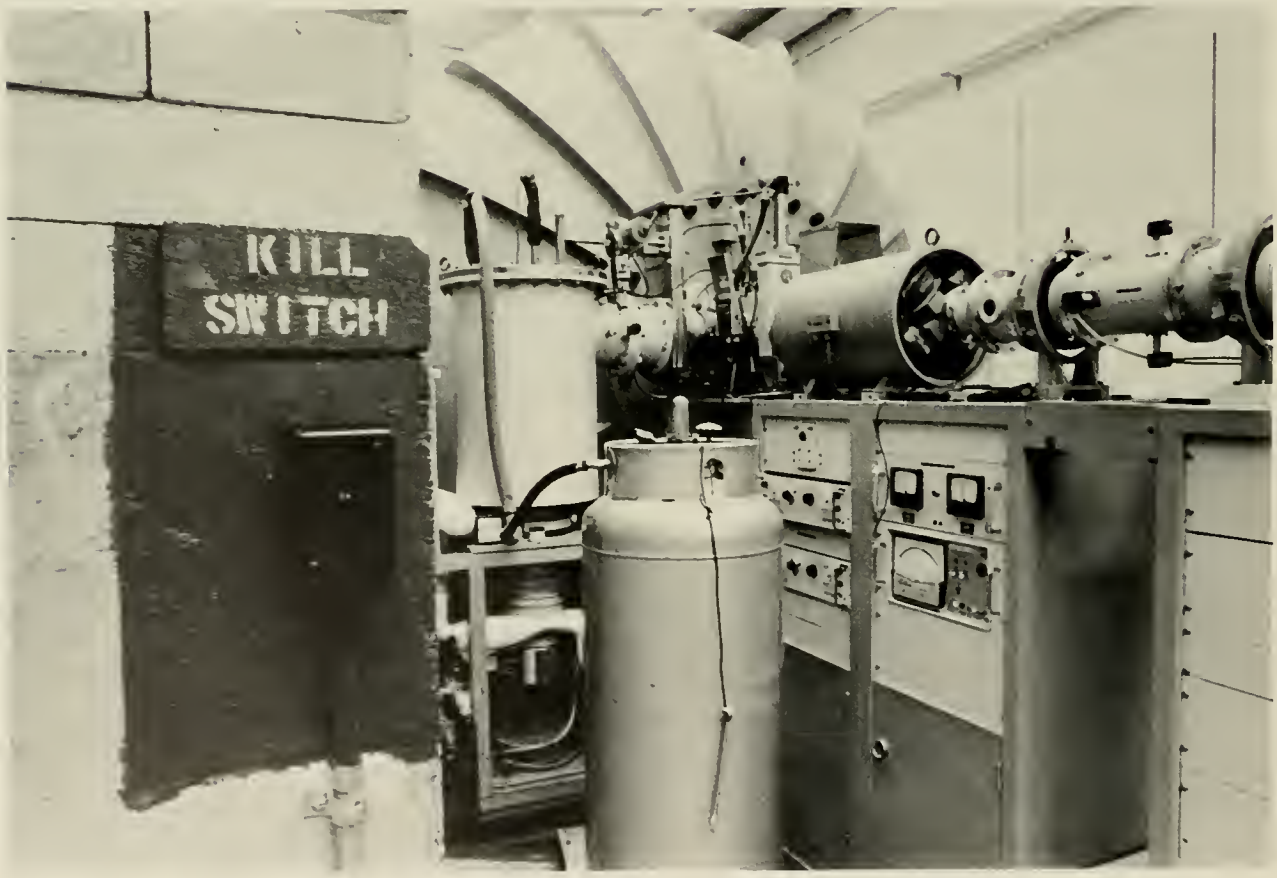
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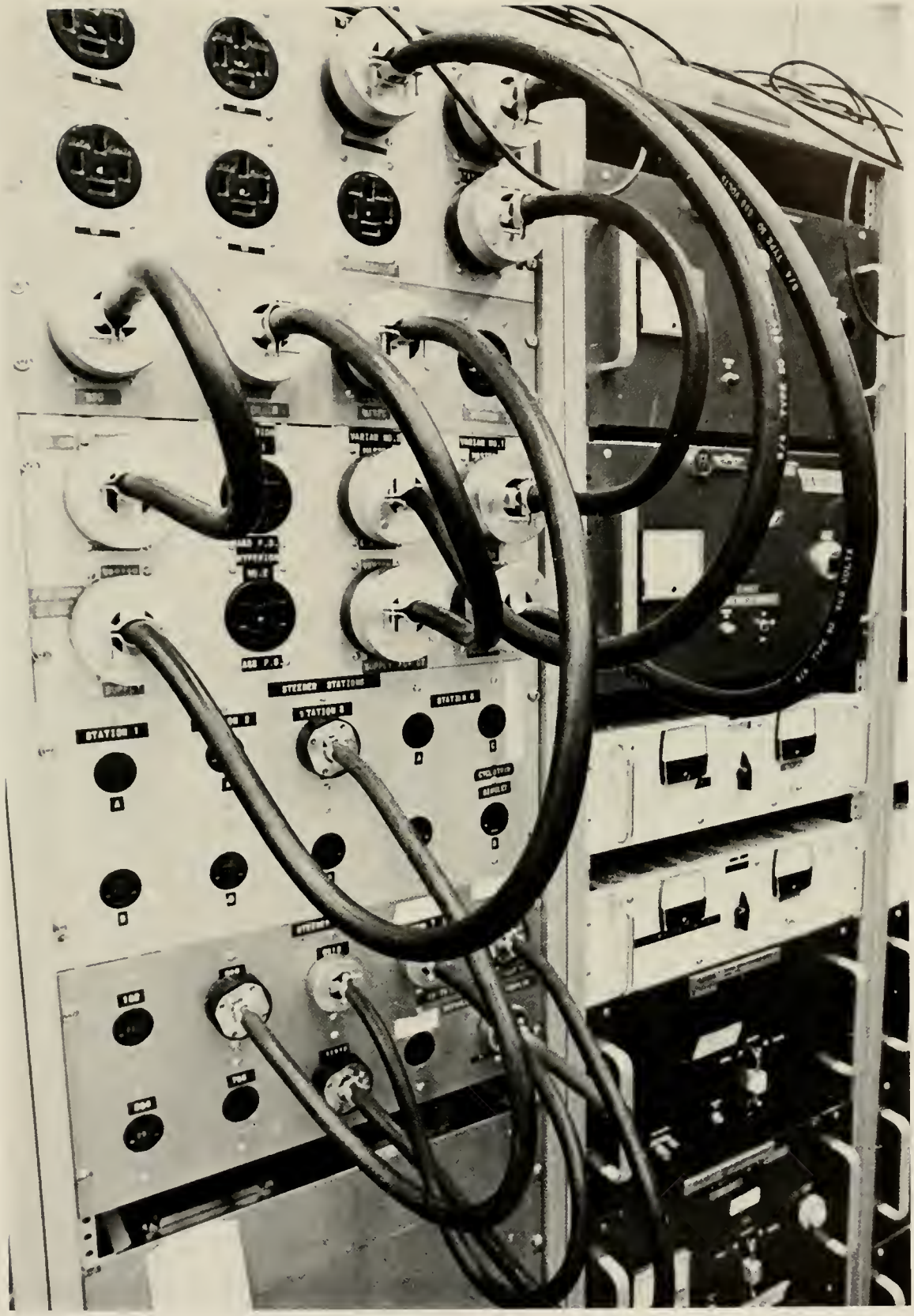


Knowledge is a matter of science, and no dishonesty or conceit whatsoever is permissible. What is required is definitely the reverse—honesty and modesty.

Mao Tse-Tung, **On Practice**

Well, it all started yesterday when I was watching a few quad birds. They were hanging around some of the bigger trees, clinging desperately to the branches for their very lives, when it hit me all at once. I mean really, it was like a ton of bricks. All my life I had watched those helium balloons float up into outer space (usually released by some spoiled brat whose mother had just bought it for him) and I never even realized. Birds are *lighter than air.*

No shit. All that flapping business with the wings is really an incredibly furious attempt to keep from floating up to the god damn moon. And here I thought they were flying. Flying my ass. Those buggers are just *praying* they can make it from tree to tree without floating away.

It all seems pretty obvious when you think about it. Fish have *always* had to fight like hell to keep from floating to the top where they would drown in the air. Why not birds? Why do you think all those birdcages have perches in them? They would keep bumping their heads on the top of the cages if they didn't have something to grasp on to.

Now, bird *shit* is another story. That *invariably* falls to the ground. And, another important point, it is *white.* This is in contrast to most animals which do not float away from the earth. It also lands a lot on windshields. If you ask me, birds seem to do an awful lot of shitting. But I guess if I had to constantly worry about floating away into space I would do a lot of shitting too.

Enough said. Birds float up into the sky and that's all there is to it. If some bearded biology professor who rides his bicycle to class tries to tell you otherwise, forget it. He's undoubtedly full of birdshit.

Glen Dawson
Senior in Trinity College

Bees are very horny. That's how all this sex stuff got started in the first place. I don't know how the birds got into it, but there you have it. You always hear about how the fly is supposedly the most well-endowed of all the beasts in relation to its body size. (If you haven't, you're incredibly ignorant. Take my word for it, the size of male genitalia in relation to body size among the beasts of the world is a frequent topic of conversation at cocktail parties. I mean, Christ, where do you think the expression cocktail came from? It used to be cock tale until some blithering idiot with easily offended senses changed it. Look. Take my word for it. These things do not just come out of thin air.) Anyway, this fly business is all wrong. It is actually the *bee* who owns this distinction.

You see, that stinger, my friend, is no stinger. (Are you catching on or should I use dirty words?) It seems that the bee has an overpowering sexual drive that can only be cured by burrowing its "stinger" (heh, heh) into some nice furry crevice. And what could be a better place than your arm? What, indeed? Ah, wait a minute, I see I have lost you again. Look. Arms are hairy, right? I mean, even girls and fags have hair on their arms. Now, arms also have *skin pores.* That's right. Now, to you and me those pores are rather a bit small to arouse any sort of sexual desire. But not to those bees. No, sir. You get too close to those damn buggers and *whammo.* And it hurts like hell to get screwed by a bee, believe you me. This is serious business. No shit.

Have you ever heard of a spelling bee? Well, the word "bee" also means 'a gathering of people for a specific purpose'. (Look it up.) Now, I don't want to be crude but that 'specific purpose' originally had nothing to do with spelling. And if you don't get my meaning then you had better stop reading this while you're still ahead.

At any rate, this revelation will undoubtedly cause considerable dismay among a great number of people. Especially those who have attractive skin pores. And if you hang around Duke, forget it. In about two weeks, there will be so many bees farting around Duke that ---. Oh, and that reminds me. Bees do *not* fly. Goodness, no. Neither do they float. You see, it is aerodynamically impossible for a bee to fly. They are simply too god-damn heavy. To put it bluntly, they're as fat as a horse's ass.

The bee's ability to move freely about is determined by the Flatulence Principle which space prevents me from going into here. Besides, it's getting late and I've gotta go. Go ask a science professor. If he knows why birds float then he can also explain how the release of the intestinal gases propels the bees forward and causes that peculiar buzzing noise. But wait. I really do have to leave. The editor will get pissed if I take up too much space. Why are you reading this shit, anyway?

Glenn Dawson '77

UR-R-R-TY THIR
AAU

REVCO
DISCOUNT
DRUGS
The Athlete's Foot

Sex, Drugs, and Drinking at Duke

It is possible, but not advisable, to have sex while straight. It is also possible but equally unadvisable to be high without sex. The following is intended as a primer indicating the combinations of drugs and/or liquor which make for the most satisfactory sex:

1. Beer: can be used by itself or in combination. Major problems are bloated stomach, caused by the quantity of liquid needed to induce a sufficient high, and the impotence which often results from prolonged over-indulgence (see Frats).

2. Beer and Pot: more realistic. Major drawback is resultant mouth odor. The apathy produced by the beer tends to counteract the aphrodisial qualities of the pot.

3. Wine: dull if used alone. Bottles, however, are decorative and useful.

4. Wine and Pot: good combination, especially on warm days outdoors (see Duke Forest).

5. Hard liquor: dangerous for uninitiated freshpersons who want to remember names.

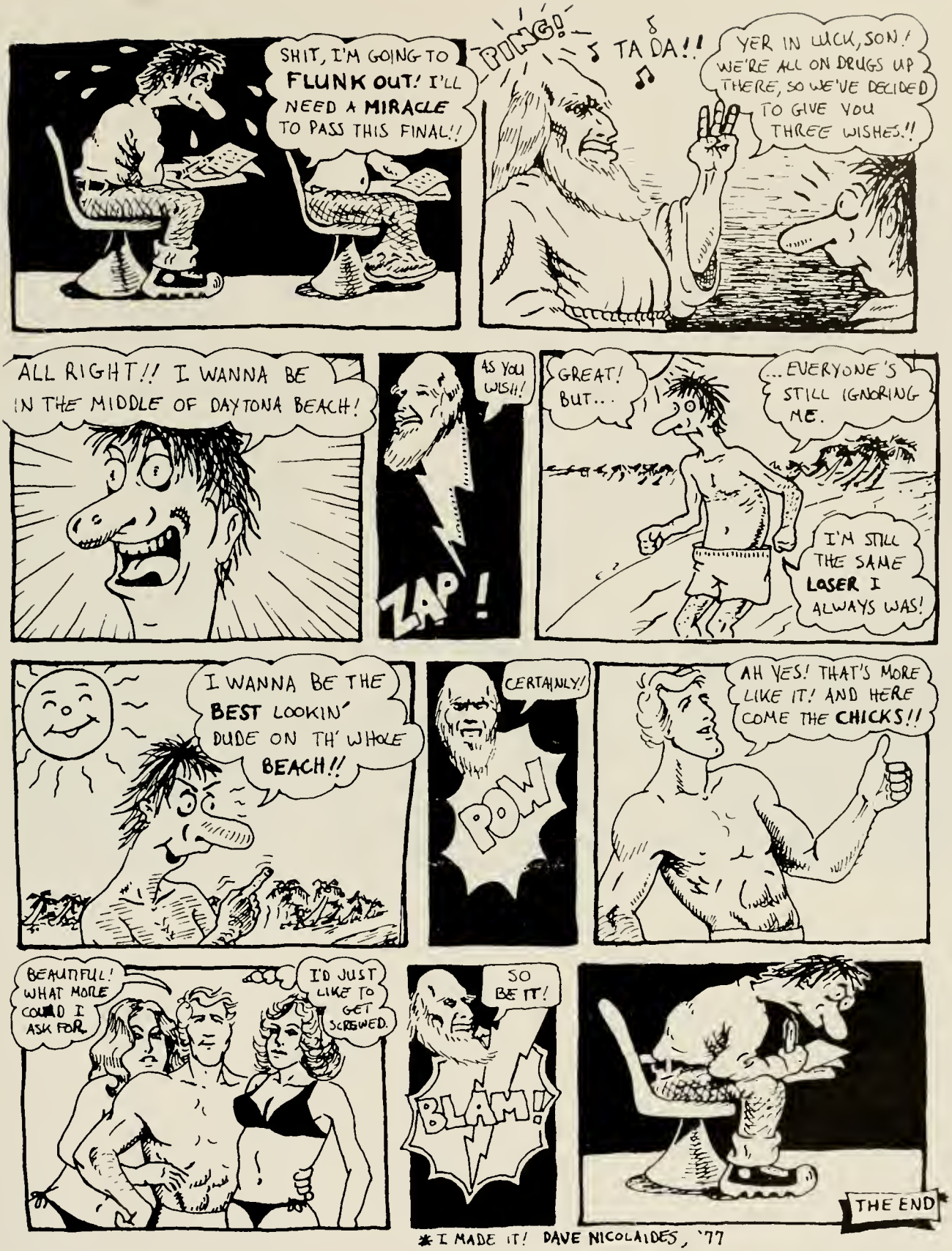
6. Hard liquor and Pot: expensive but nice. Often results in false euphoria: examine proposed partner under strong light.

7. Champagne: to be avoided.

With more intense (and expensive) drugs, liquor is unnecessary, but can be used to wash down pills, sterilize utensils, bathe in, etc. The only drug with which sex is totally incompatible is nitrous oxide—but the canisters are very phallic.

Control of the self. That's where biofeedback is at. You can get so nervous, the sound unbearable, that control is almost completely lost. After a hit, the day can be ruined, your mind wrecked into introspection.

But if control is achieved, Biofeedback is an incredible high.


SHIT, I'M GOING TO FLUNK OUT! I'LL NEED A MIRACLE TO PASS THIS FINAL!!
PING!
TA DA!!
YER IN LUCK, SON! WE'RE ALL ON DRUGS UP THERE, SO WE'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THREE WISHES!!
ALL RIGHT!! I WANNA BE IN THE MIDDLE OF DAYTONA BEACH!
AS YOU WISH!
ZAP!
GREAT! BUT...
...EVERYONE'S STILL IGNORING ME.
I'M STILL THE SAME LOSER I ALWAYS WAS!
I WANNA BE THE BEST LOOKIN' DUDE ON TH' WHOLE BEACH!!
CERTAINLY!
POW
AH YES! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! AND HERE COME THE CHICKS!!
BEAUTIFUL! WHAT MORE COULD I ASK FOR.
I'D JUST LIKE TO GET SCREWED.
SO BE IT!
BLAM!
THE END

*I MADE IT! DAVE NICOLAIDES, '77

Snow silences the unforgettable and creates the forgotten overnight. One dream of whiteness blankets a car, smothers magnolia, and gives northerners a chance to breathe again.

Complacency is the enemy of study. We cannot really learn anything until we rid ourselves of complacency. Our attitude towards ourselves should be "to be insaitable in learning" and towards others "to be tireless in teaching."

Mao Tse-Tung,
The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the National War

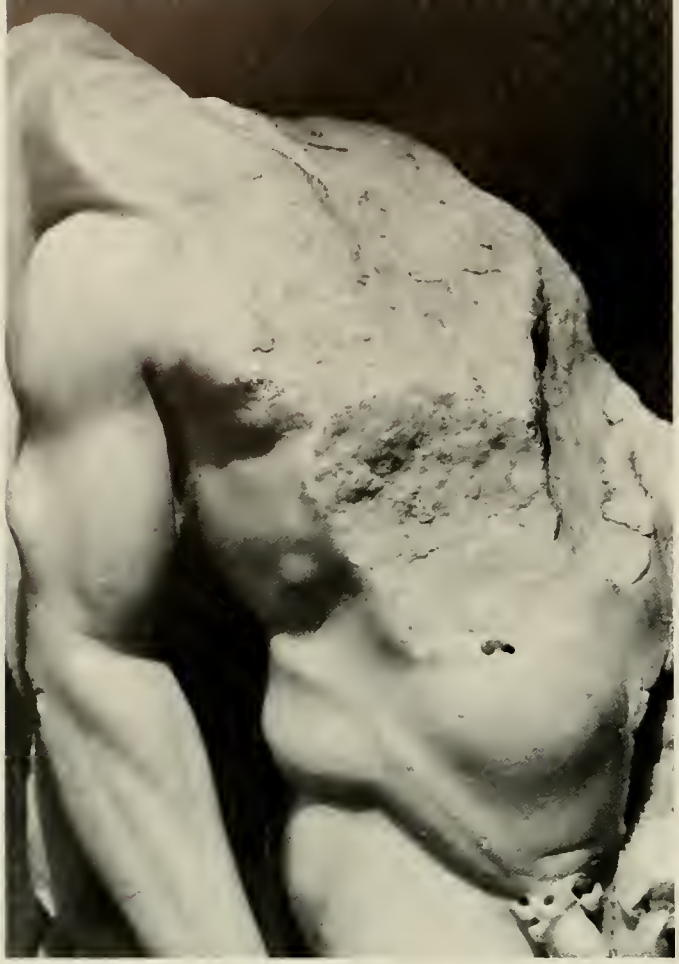
SELECTED WORKS
OF
MAO TSE-TUNG
SELECTED WORKS
OF
MAO TSE-TUNG
HISTORIANS
AT
WORK

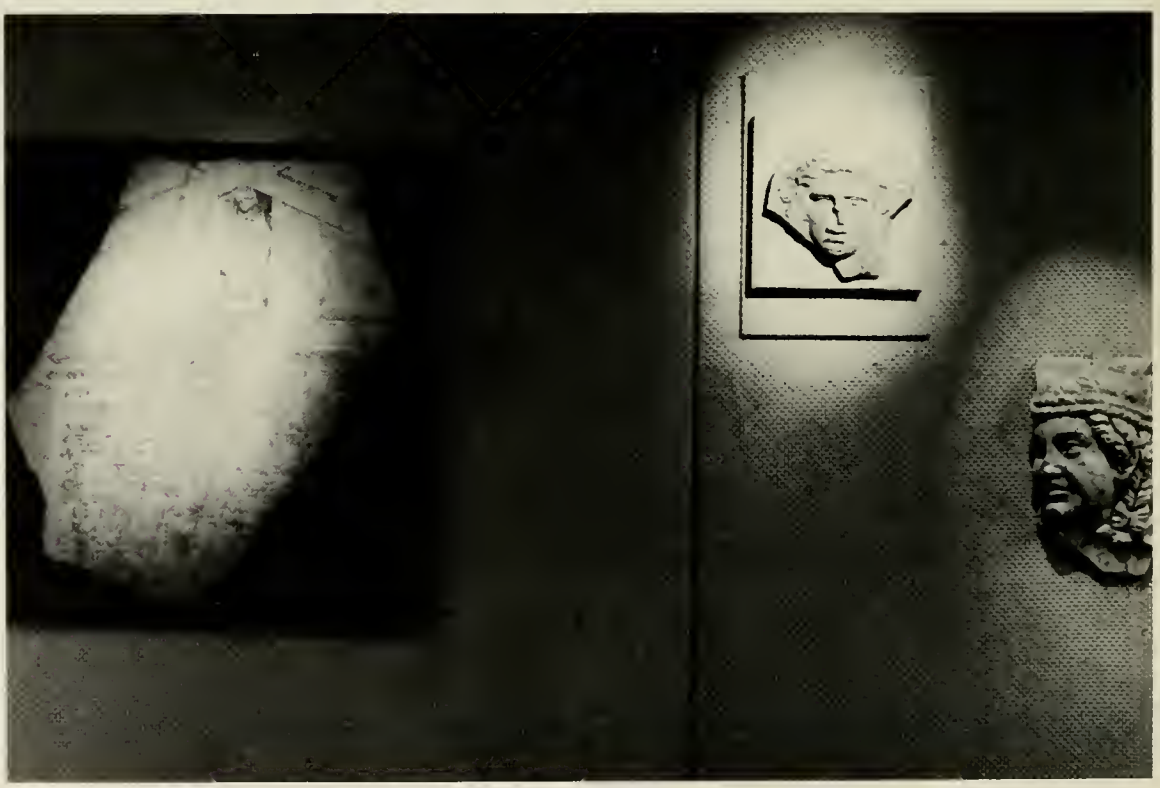
Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is the policy for promoting the progress of the arts and the sciences and a flourishing socialist culture in our land. Different forms and styles in art should develop freely and different schools in science should contend freely. We think that it is harmful to the growth of art and science if administrative measures are used to impose one particular style of art or school of thought and to ban another. Questions of right and wrong in the arts and sciences should be settled through free discussion in artistic and scientific circles and through practical work in these fields. They should not be settled in summary fashion.

Mao Tse-Tung,
On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People

A woman is weak. Her only strength is giving, her power is love. Like a vine, she curls round masculine limbs, bearing the brunt of winds he is unaware of, giving him strength which he takes for granted as being his own. She is a martyr, and both her greatness and her damnation are hinged to the cross to which she nails herself.

That is it, and you are embarrassed at the tumultuous maelstrom of irrational emotion which had seemed then so important, though so intangibly complex. You saw a movie with your lover, his friends. The rest is merely the phantom creation of your adrenalin-charged innocence. You are much younger than they, and things seem important which you will learn actually are not. Until you learn, disguise your ignorance behind a facade of immobile silence, an aura of ambiguous world-weariness. They have been through this masturbatory self-indulgence of inexperience, and understand its delusion, its confusion of auto-sensation with truth. What grips you with profound significance is looked upon by their life-burdened eyes as a bit charming, for the most part boring preposterous naivete.





45

When two thin slices of green tomato or a small ice cream scoop of cottage cheese costs 40 cents, then the dead lettuce which lay underneath them both resurrects itself to speak: "whatever frustrated lettuce says."

To exist with a rock tower in your stomach is to have ordered incorrectly at the CI. If they aren't cleaning the grill (and if someone is there beside the girl who keeps screaming about drinks in the week-old grease), a bacon burger will suffice; with a pink juice on ice.

Dope east? or west? Service better on west. Chiliburgers better on east, plus the fact that they still put all the glop on for you. Fritos disgustingly the same at both places, though more of the little burned ones on east.

Sprig—nix for price, but one of the more imaginative ideas someone had somewhere somewhy in a long time.

Oak Room put on; put on a better looking shirt and shoes; put up $3.65 for the roast beef dinner and two inferior waitresses.

Gradeli where they don't let the french fries stand and drain, where lines are too long, ice cream cones too short, but everyone is real nice. The green suggests a garden; the white lattice work suggests a covered terrace; the smell from the Grad Center cafeteria suggests sewer.

You gotta be hungry to go to east union and you gotta get there when they're not havin weiner schnitzel.

The C.I. Blues*

Duke wrote me this summer, said money is tight
The hospital costs a few grand.
We're sorry we've just cut your financial aid
And we're raising tuition by five hundred clams
And I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
Except sit here and eat those french fries,
And try and nourish them old C.I. blues.

Housing wrote me last week said the spaces are tight
Some singles are gonna be lost,
We held us a raffle drew names from a hat
And you've just won yourself a new incoming frosh
And I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
'cept sit here and eat them tower burgers,
And try and puke away the C.I. blues.

I was going to the beach this weekend,
Try and stop feelin' low,
Parked up on the main quad to cash me a check
And came back just to find that my car had been towed
And I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
'cept sit here during happy hour,
And try and wash away those C.I. blues.

I's gonna graduate in December, head for a French resort,
But my dean told me only this morning
That I ain't going far I'm a seminar short
And I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
'cept sit here and smoke that reefer,
And try and toke away them C.I. blues.

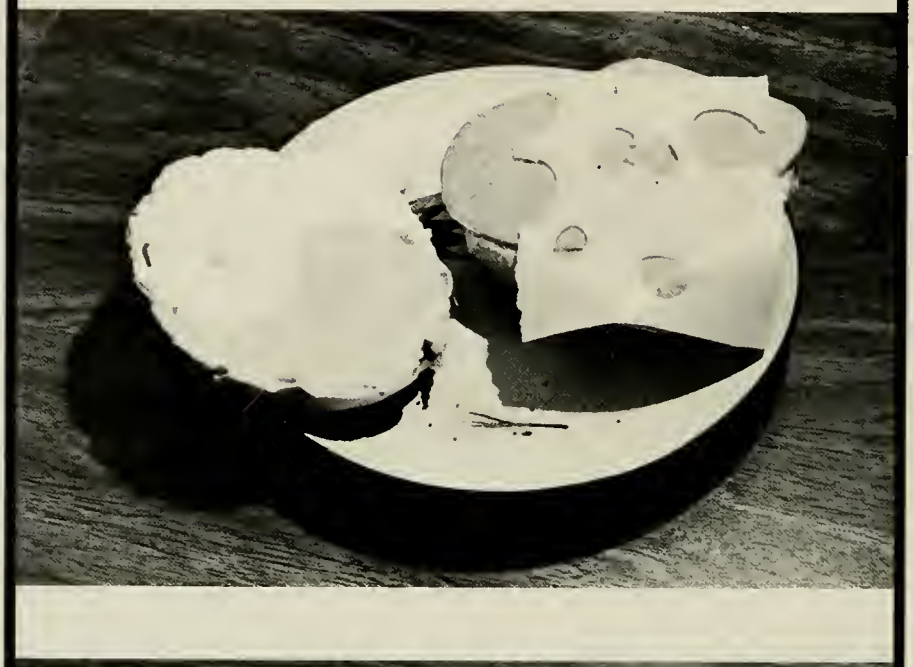
My parents have disowned me, grad schools shot me down,
No place to turn but the real world,
which means that I have to find me a job
And I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
'cept sit here and toot that old cocaine,
And try and blast away the C.I. blues.

I went and talked to placement, they said you're a Shakespeare sage?
We can find you a job flipping burgers,
And maybe can get you the minimum wage
And I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
'cept sit here and do some amyl nitrate,
And try and drown them C.I. blues.

I thought I was finally finished,
Gonna grab my diploma and run,
But a hand grabbed my shoulder said unpack your bags
Cause there's been some slight problems with math 31
Lord I'm bummed, don't really know what to do,
'cept sit here and eat them french fries, tower burgers,
Drink a little beer, smoke that reefer, snort that cola,
And do up a little locker room,
And try and cope with them low-down, snake-belly nasty,
miscreating, mind-berating, mutilating, isolating, constapating,
And just plain incapacatating C.I. blues.

Todd Atwood

*This is not intended to be poetry. This was written to be sung to a blues progression in E minor.



ICED
TEA
20¢ 30¢

SNACK BAR
ICED
TEA
20¢ 30¢

ge
rage.
VOLUNTEER

smarter.
New higher interest.
of Bar U.S. Savings Bonds

35

Nippon
f=50mm 1:1.4
Auto
Micro-Nikkor

ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY

ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY

Duke Union Cable Television

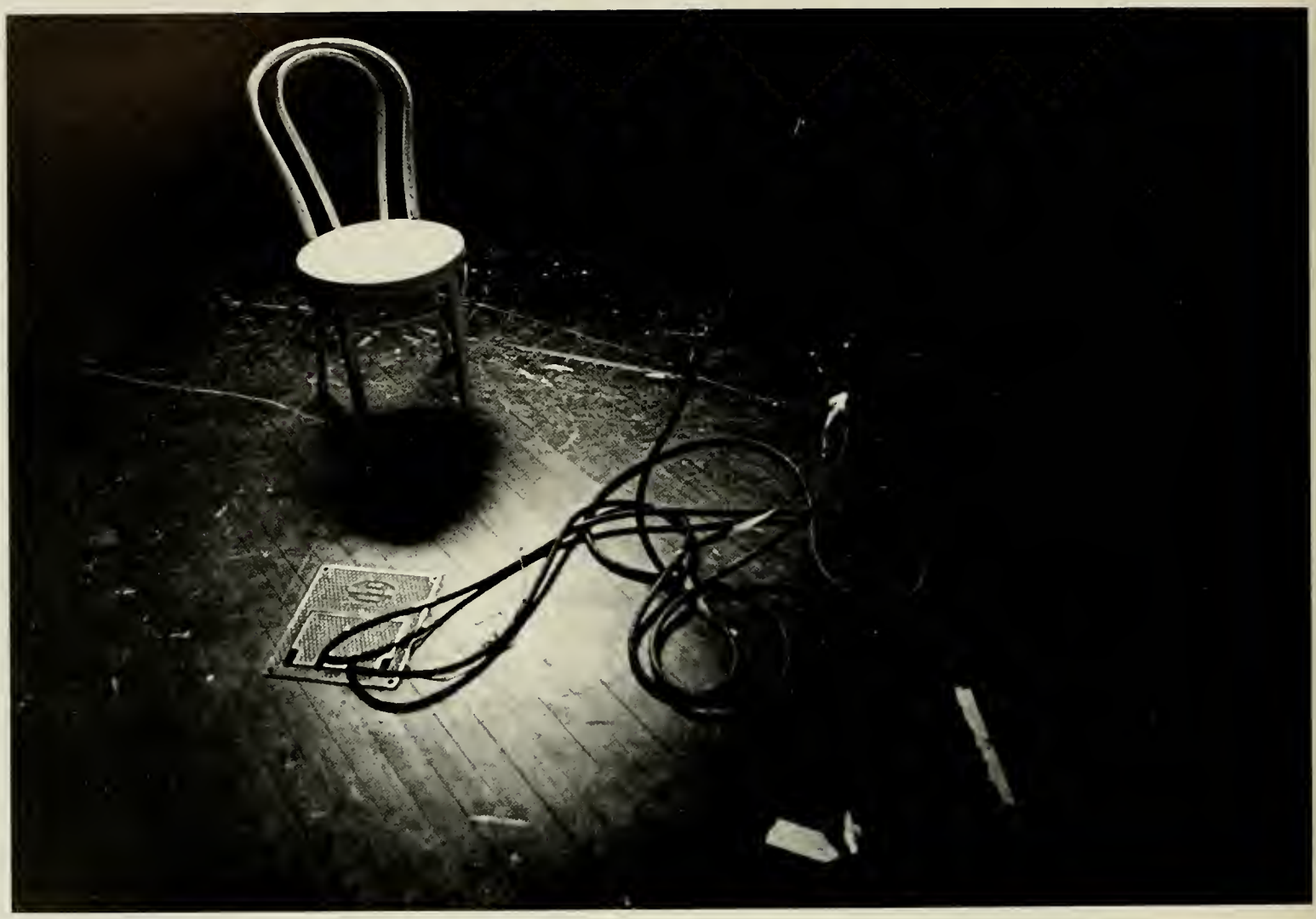
Last year an experimental video project became a fullfledged cable television station because a lot of people were curious about the capabilities of ½" videotape and portability of lightweight video cameras. The fact that the equipment was black-and-white was of minimal concern, for the fascination of originating programs and taking cameras out to record the rich variety of Duke campus and Durham life was the essential appeal of the project. No place or person on campus (or off) was off limits to Duke Cable Television. Camera crews strung cables to any power source available to tape away football games in Columbia (S.C.), Clemson, and Raleigh. They survived power blackouts to cover ACC basketball live, and worked elbow to elbow with enthusiastic crowds to record the Santana concert. Some even dared to take portopaks to low-light house parties or out in a motorboat on University Lake to cover the Duke crew as the women practiced for competition, and—surprise!—a camera was there to record the public parking hearings at Duke after other forms of information had stopped publication for the semester.

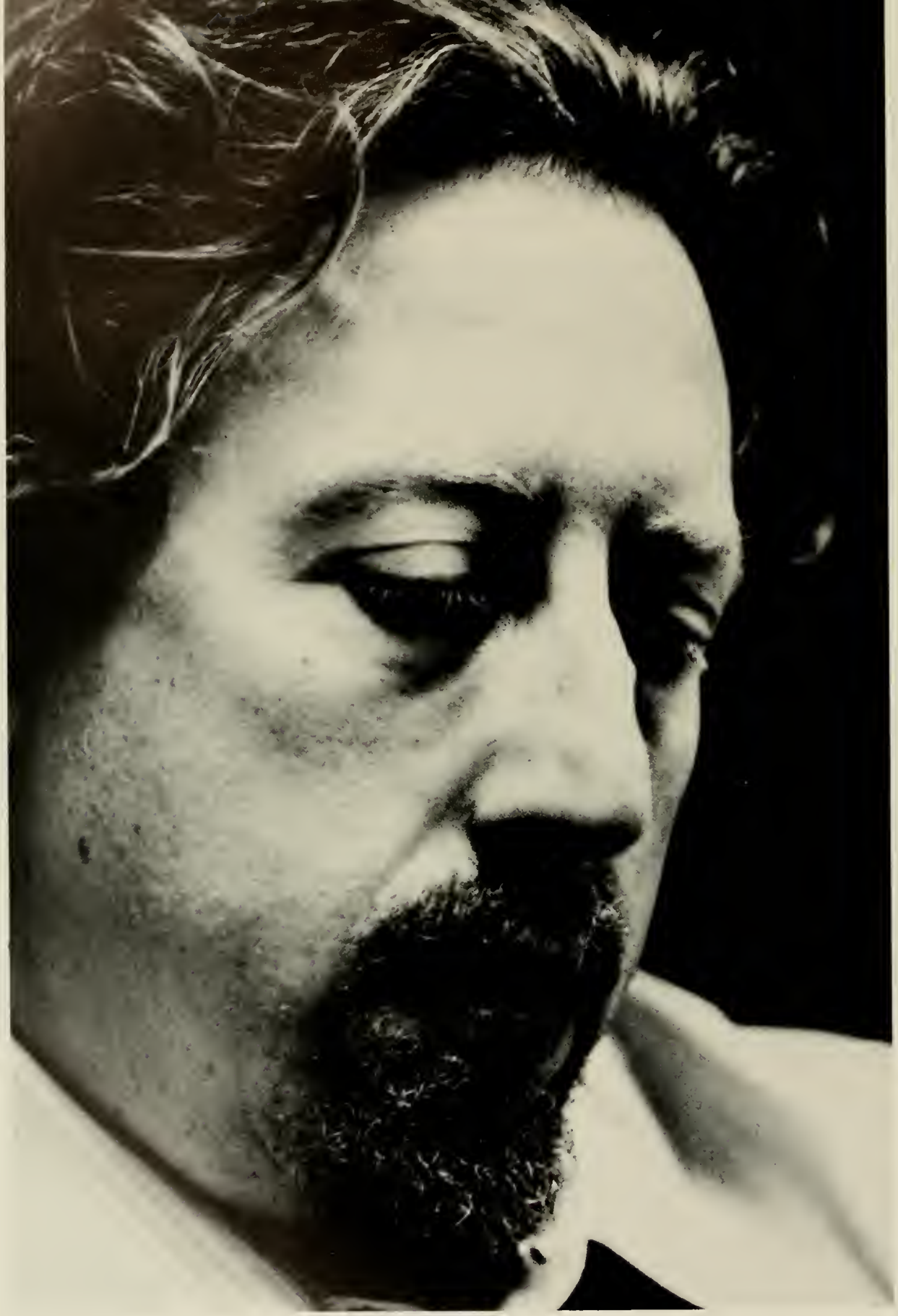
The Duke community recognized the potential for video to act as a means of communication and as a mirror of Duke life. Three and one-half hours of live cablecasts from the Phi Kappa Psi section brought together candidates for ASDU offices to discuss issues and answer questions telephoned in from the watching audience all over campus. The idea of producing a Duke soap opera entitled "The Best Years of Our Lives" sparked the imagination of many: over 70 people showed up to audition for roles. And people came with their suggestions for programs and their special interests, which resulted in a zany interview with the student locator, shows on dance (black, white, new, old) and jazz (same), a presentation of the art and philosophy of a local Durham sculptor, coverage of the amazing personages participating in the UNC Fine Arts Festival, taping of the state women's volleyball championship, a synthesis of the vision of the Society for Creative Anachronism, and much much more.

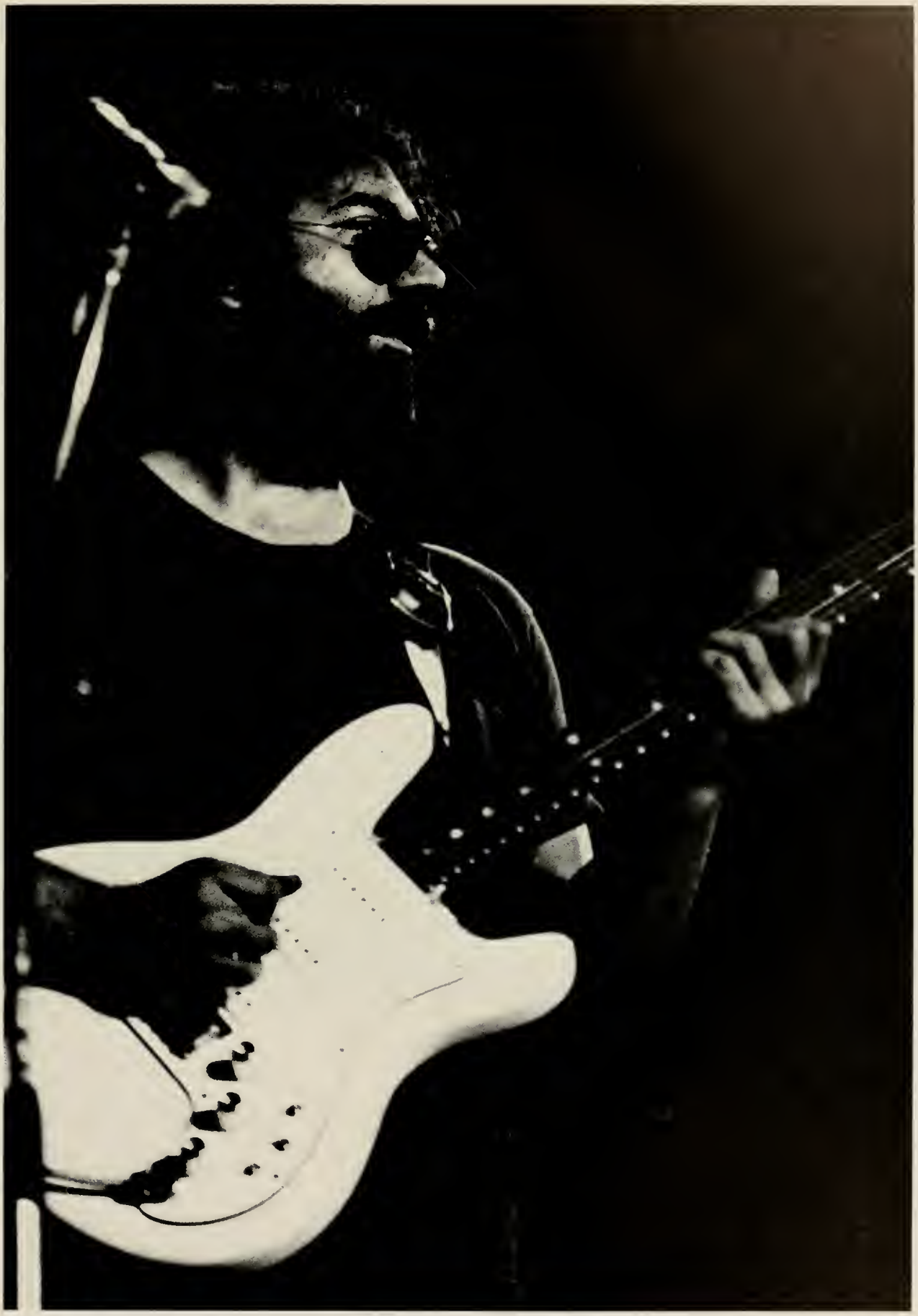
Believe it or not, it wasn't easy; peoplepower is video's basic resource. A typical production begins with a minimum of six people acting as producer, director, cameraperson, technician, graphics artist and head-end cablecaster. A major effort, such a presenting Duke basketball live, can and did involve up to 14 people working sixteen hours a day—and that's just the production crew. And, unlike other media, preproduction time cannot be compressed. By the time the red light goes on in the camera and the audio meters start registering, hours have already been spent connecting and testing, reconnecting (sometimes soldering) and testing again. In the end, setting up a production becomes an art form in itself.

It was an incredible first year, a trial-by-fire for Duke students, faculty, and administrators alike, but in the end, only a beginning. With new and improved economic and technical resources available, and with the almost unreal explosion of interest in video as a means of alternative, original programming throughout the Duke and Durham community, next year presents the challenge for Duke Cable to come of age—an experience available to anyone with a strong back and an idea as to how that picture tube window which nearly everyone has can be used.

3
ECLAIR







EVERCLEAR
GRAIN ALCOHOL
HAWAIIAN PUNCH
RED

Only love is better than
Only love is better than
DRINK
Pied Piper
Only love is better than

Lite

CLOSED
FOR
REPAIRS
YES! 56
WE ARE
ON THE FIRST
FLOOR, AND
YOU CAN
LOOK IN OUR
WINDOW LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE
YES!

TAYLOR

GREAT START

There were 82,000 fans in the Knoxville stadium when Duke took the field against Tennessee. Mike Dunn reflects on the first game of the season:

"I had high hopes when we were getting ready for the opening game. I had been working hard; all of us had been working hard for the opener. Everyday, three times a day for three weeks, I stepped onto the field with one image in my mind: victory over Tennessee.

"The stadium was huge and the seats were sold out. A Duke football player gets a chance like this once in a career, once in a lifetime, so I knew I had to be at my best.

"The Tennessee game. It was one of those times where everyone had a total giving experience. I felt the goodness inside that every player dreams about. We won 21 to 18. I look back on the season, back on the Tennessee game: we played hard schools and we raised a little hell. As a whole, it wasn't what everyone was hoping for, but there were some exciting moments.

"And next year, this upcoming season, there will be more excitement. I believe this season will be wild, fast, more exciting than usual, maybe even super high. And we need enthusiasm; we need the school behind us. Watch closely, we're good for the soul."

DUKE
FOOTBALL
NETWORK
WALLACE WADE STADIU

20
71
85

ALLSTARS

Westminster "Plucky" Purcell is the youngest son of an old Virginia family, a once-aristocratic clan which, instead of floundering in Faulknerian funk when it ran out of money, simply blended with good-natured resignation into the lower middle class. Unlike the desperate daughters of those unfortunate Virginia families that have sold their pottage for a mess of birthright, Plucky's sisters made no attempt to marry the clan into wealth and society, but settled instead for a barber and a civil engineer, whom, presumably, they loved. Plucky's brother, rather than scrambling to rescue a bit of family prestige by entering the medical or legal professions or, preferably, the Episcopalian clergy, played and later coached pro football.

In fact, the elder Purcell son was a three-time All-American halfback at Duke University. Plucky received an athletic scholarship to the same institution, for scouts who'd seen him in action at Culpeper High were of the opinion that he would develop into a harder runner if not a more accurate passer than his big brother. That is, scouts who'd seen Plucky in action on the gridiron. Had they seen him in action on the back roads of Culpeper County, they might have more accurately forecast his future.

After a mediocre start his sophomore year at Duke, Plucky blossomed toward the end of the season. In the last three games he scored ten touchdowns, four of them on carries of more than fifty yards. Sportswriters from all corners predicted confidently that Plucky Purcell would run off with national scoring honors the following season. Who among them could have guessed that a week before the season opened, Plucky Purcell would run off to Mexico with the backfield coach's wife?

A rather anxious football coach flew to Mexico in pursuit of his wife and her famous athlete lover. While the sporting world reeled from the delicious blow of the scandal, the lovers ate mangoes and fondled one another in the streets of Guadalajara; and that is where he, the husband, caught up with them—in the plaza of the city. Officials had taken his Colt from him at the border, but he had purchased a cleaver from a native butcher and upon spotting the fugitives, sought to put it to grim use.

His wife was so weak from love and diarrhea she could neither fight not flee. "I'm like a cream puff with the cream squeezed out," she sighed, and slumped on a bench to accept her fate. "I'll take care of you later," said her husband and he made a move for Plucky Purcell, Plucky, too, was experiencing a touch of Montezuma's revenge but he nevertheless gave the greatest broken-field running performance of his career. Now, the coach, though a bit out of shape, was no lead-footed mover himself, yet after sixteen wild minutes through the narrow streets of old Guadalajara he fell to his knees panting frantically and watched Purcell stiff-arm an orange-juice vendor and disappear down an alley.

That midnight, as he nervously checked out of his hotel, Purcell paused to share a short tequila with the desk clerk. He gave the Mexican a true account of the day's adventure. "You are preety lucky, senor," the clerk confided. "Not lucky," said Plucky. "Plucky."

From ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION a novel by TOM ROBBINS
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1976 Duke University
Final Football Statistics

Duke		Opp.
21	Tennessee	18
6	South Carolina	24
21	Virginia	6
31	Pittsburgh (H)	44
20	Miami	7
18	Clemson	18
3	Maryland (H)	30
31	Georgia Tech (H)	7
17	Wake Forest (H)	38
28	North Carolina State	14
38	North Carolina	39
234	**TOTALS**	**245**

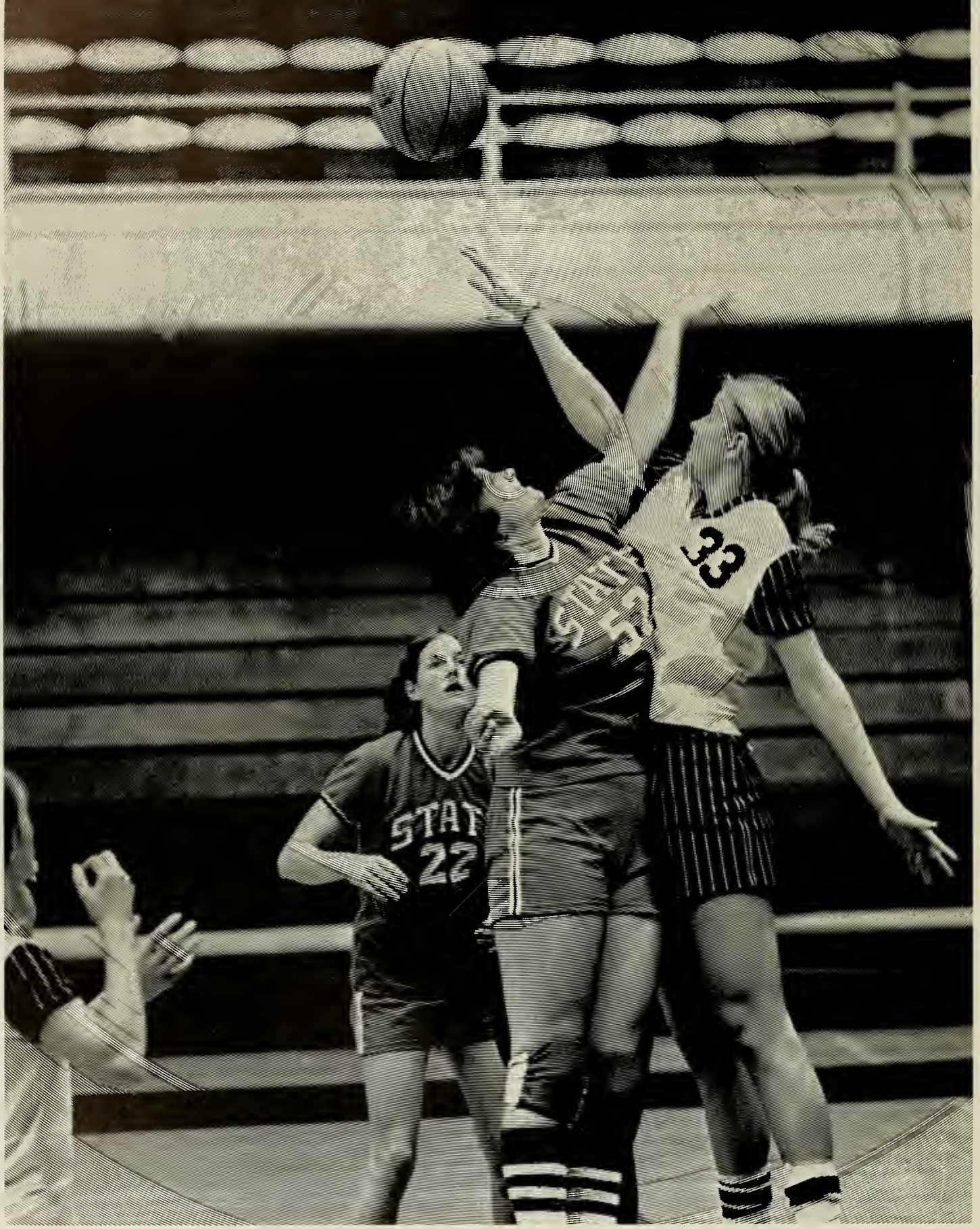
DUKE
12

43
35

DUKE
34

1976-77 Duke University Final Basketball Statistics

Wake Forest	L	80-81
North Carolina State	W	84-82
Johns Hopkins	W	85-66
Washington	W	83-81
Tennessee	W	81-78
Richmond	W	65-63
Connecticut	W	64-59
East Carolina	W	88-65
Rice	W	87-77
Davidson	W	102-51
Lafayette	W	93-77
Clemson	L	73-80
North Carolina	L	68-77
Virginia	W	82-74
Wake Forest	L	73-85
North Carolina State	L	78-79
West Virginia	L	65-70
Duquesne	W	76-49
Wake Forest	L	80-89
Maryland	L	64-65
Virginia	W	65-49
St. Joseph's	W	72-62
North Carolina State	L	74-92
Maryland	L	72-85
Clemson	L	63-67
North Carolina	L	71-84
Clemson	L	74-82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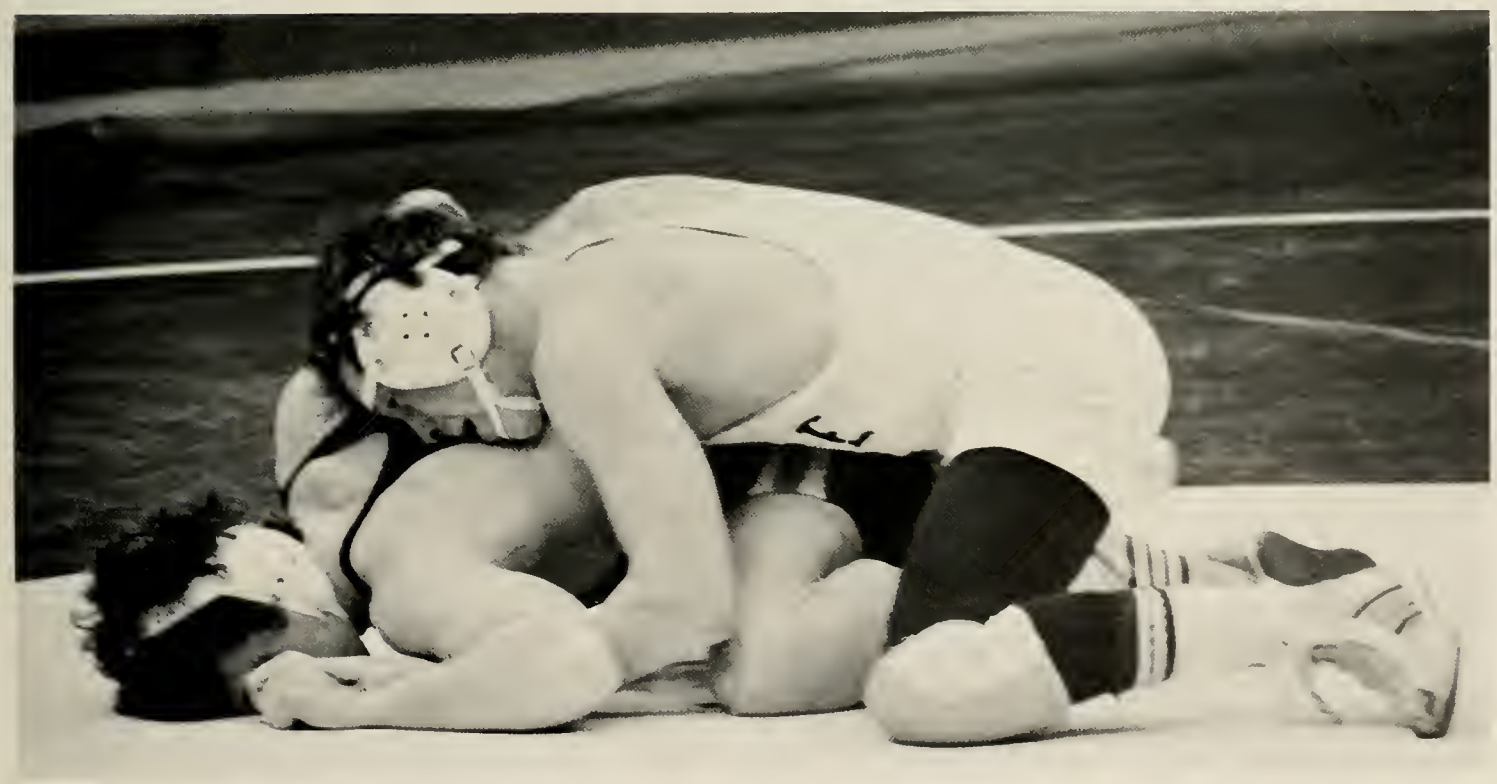
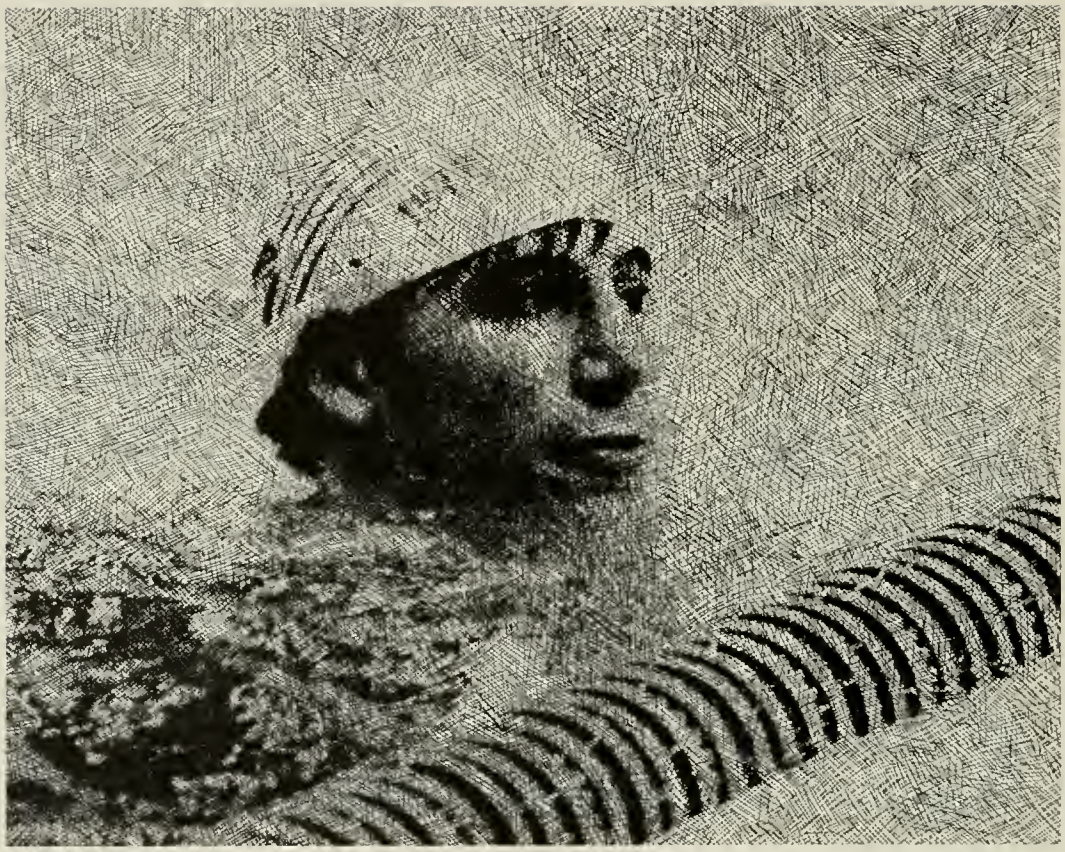
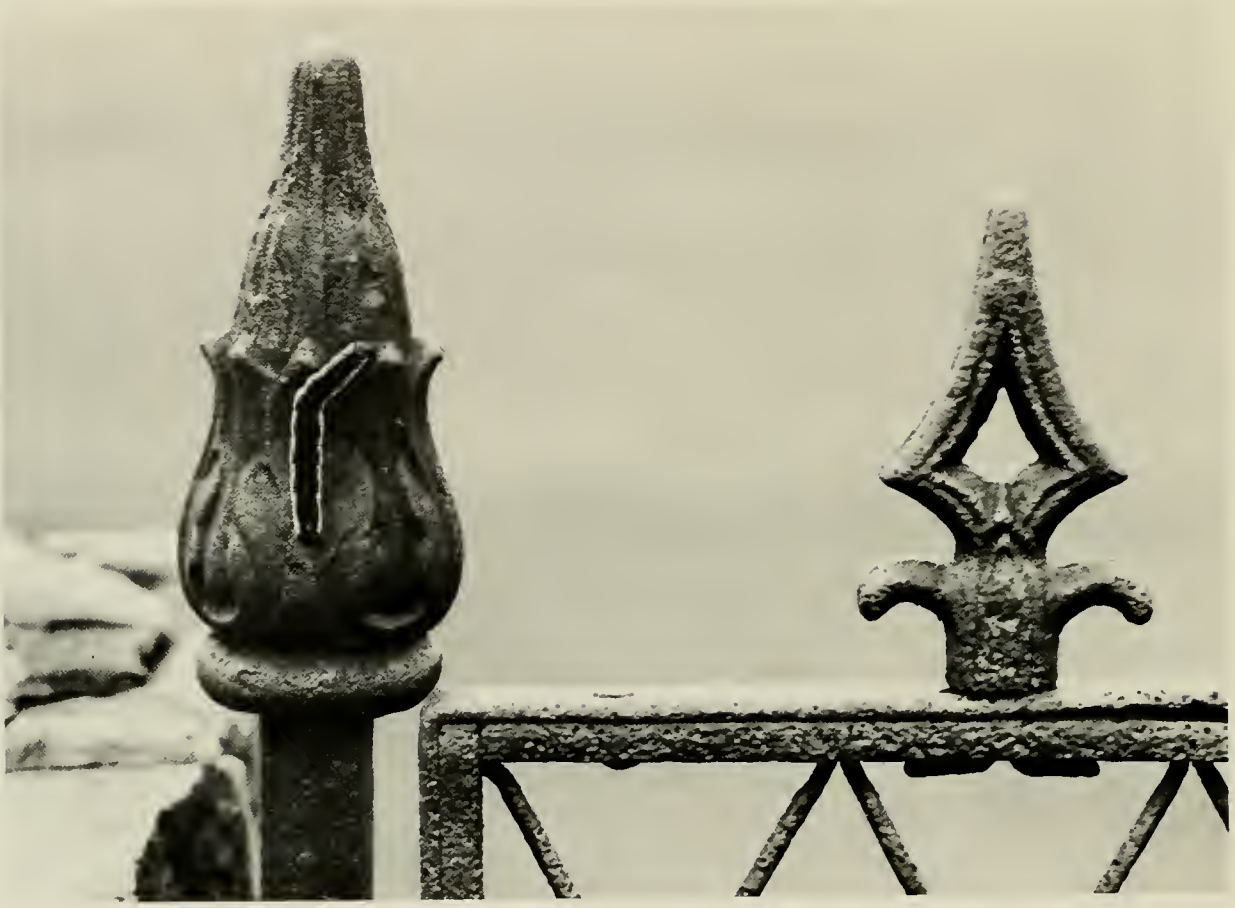
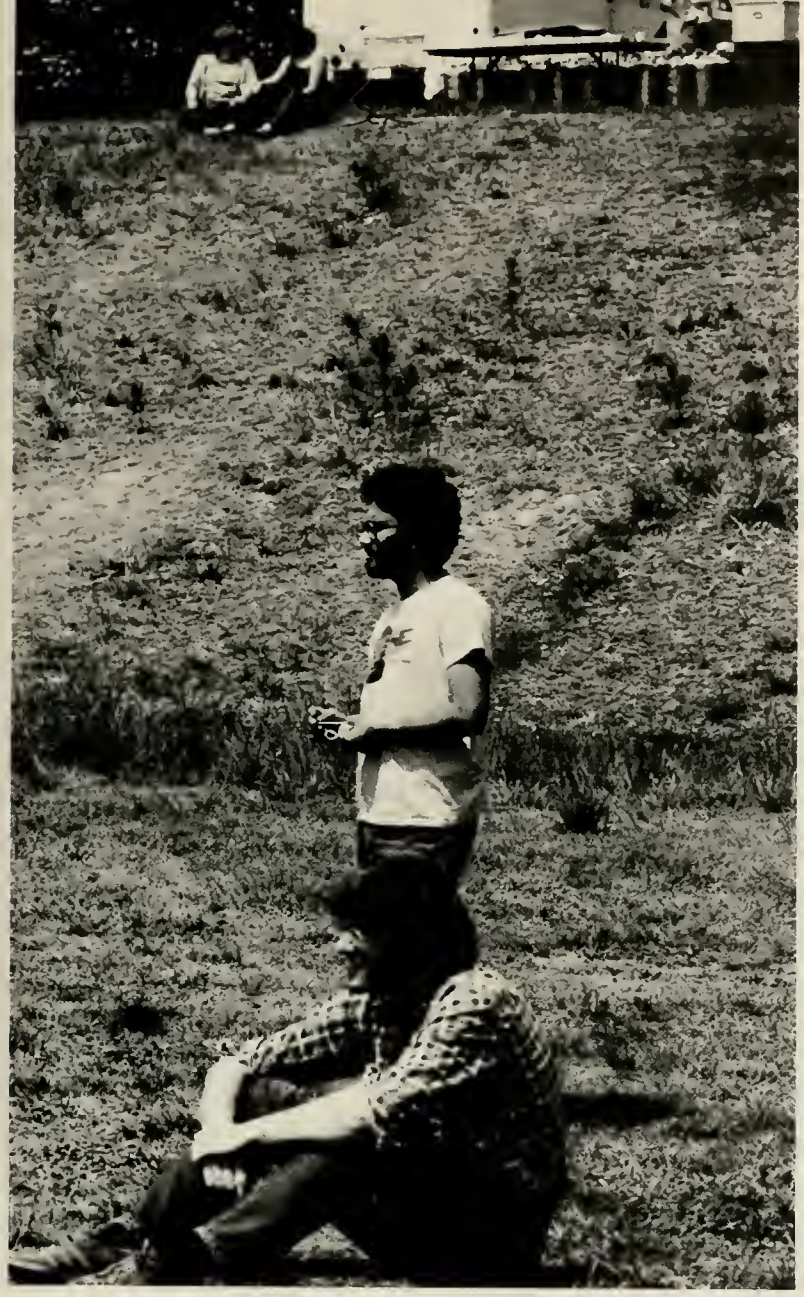
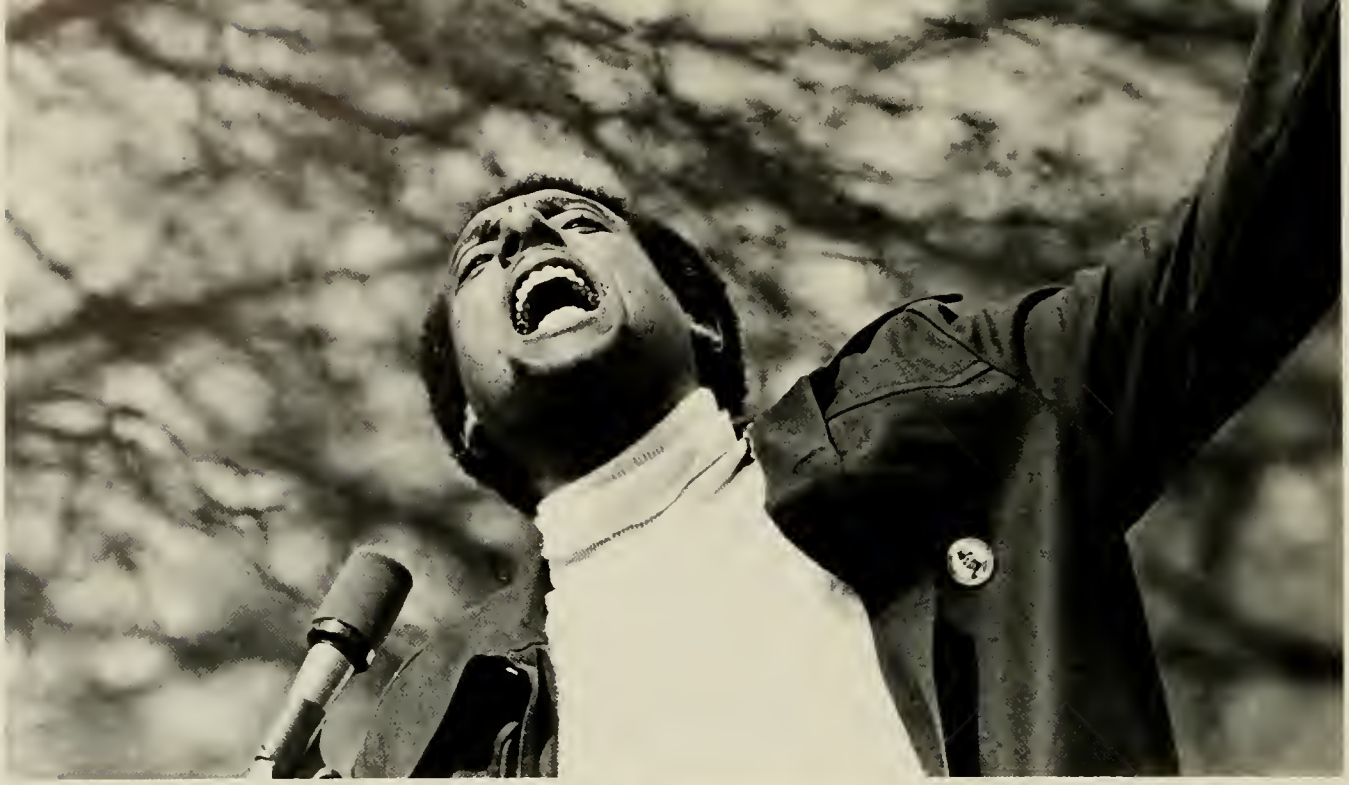








Sounds like a pretty crazy place? Very few of the inmates ever thought it was a madhouse. Sure, we screamed like crazy women and we laughed like morons; but we had more sense than most people. People still think I'm crazy when I tell them I lived in Hanes House for three years.



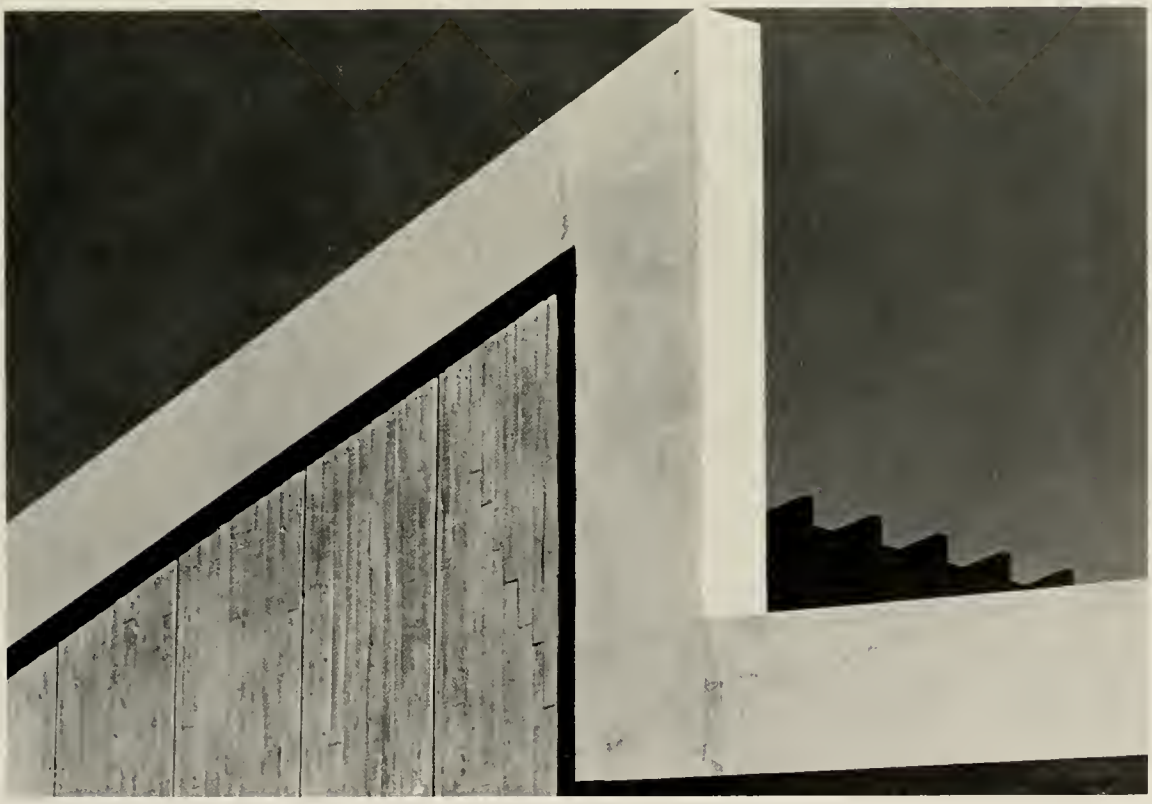
RTC X47

1776 Bicentennial 1976
CAR TAG
SOUTH CAROLINA

Patterson Buick
BUICK
19 FIRST IN FREEDOM 77
MS·DUKE
NO·RTH CAROLI·NA

19 FIRST IN FREEDOM 76
DUKE·77
NORTH CAROLINA

19 TEXAS 77
DUKE 77

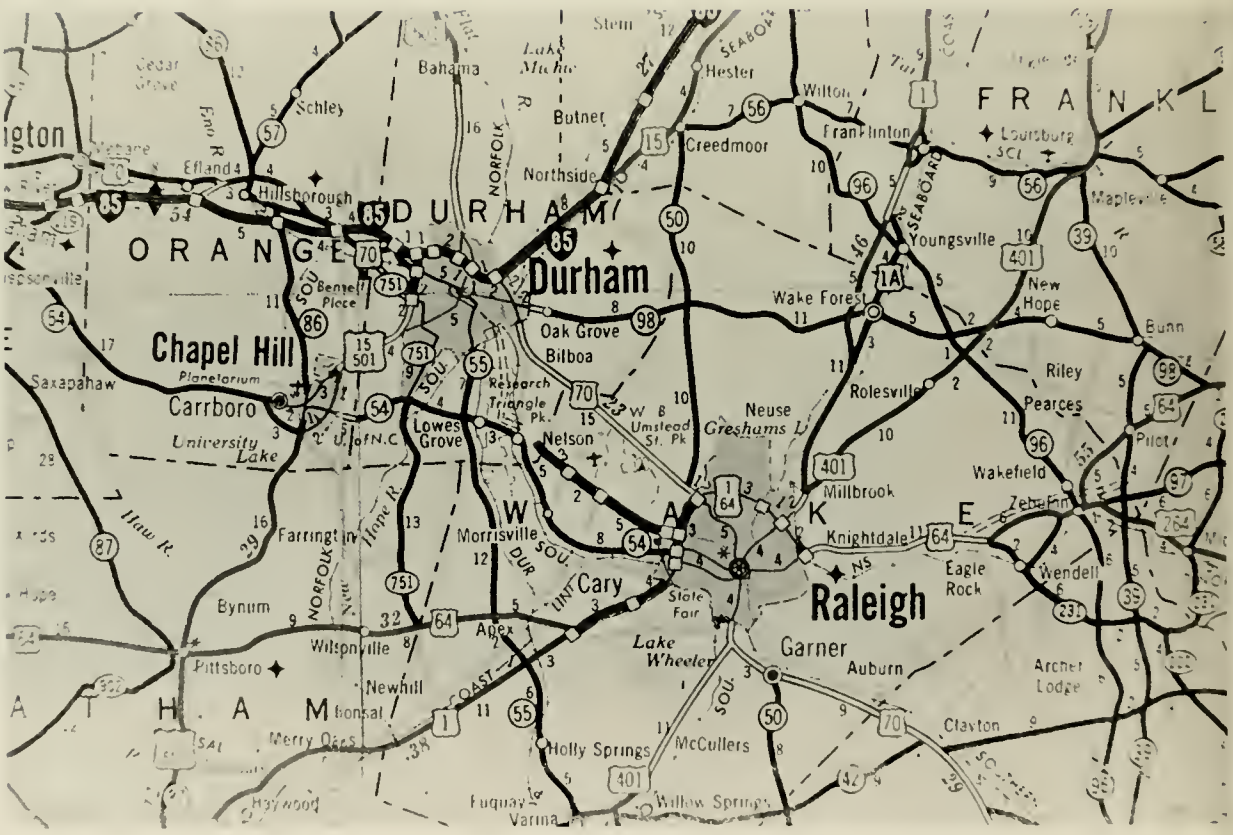


WINGTIP

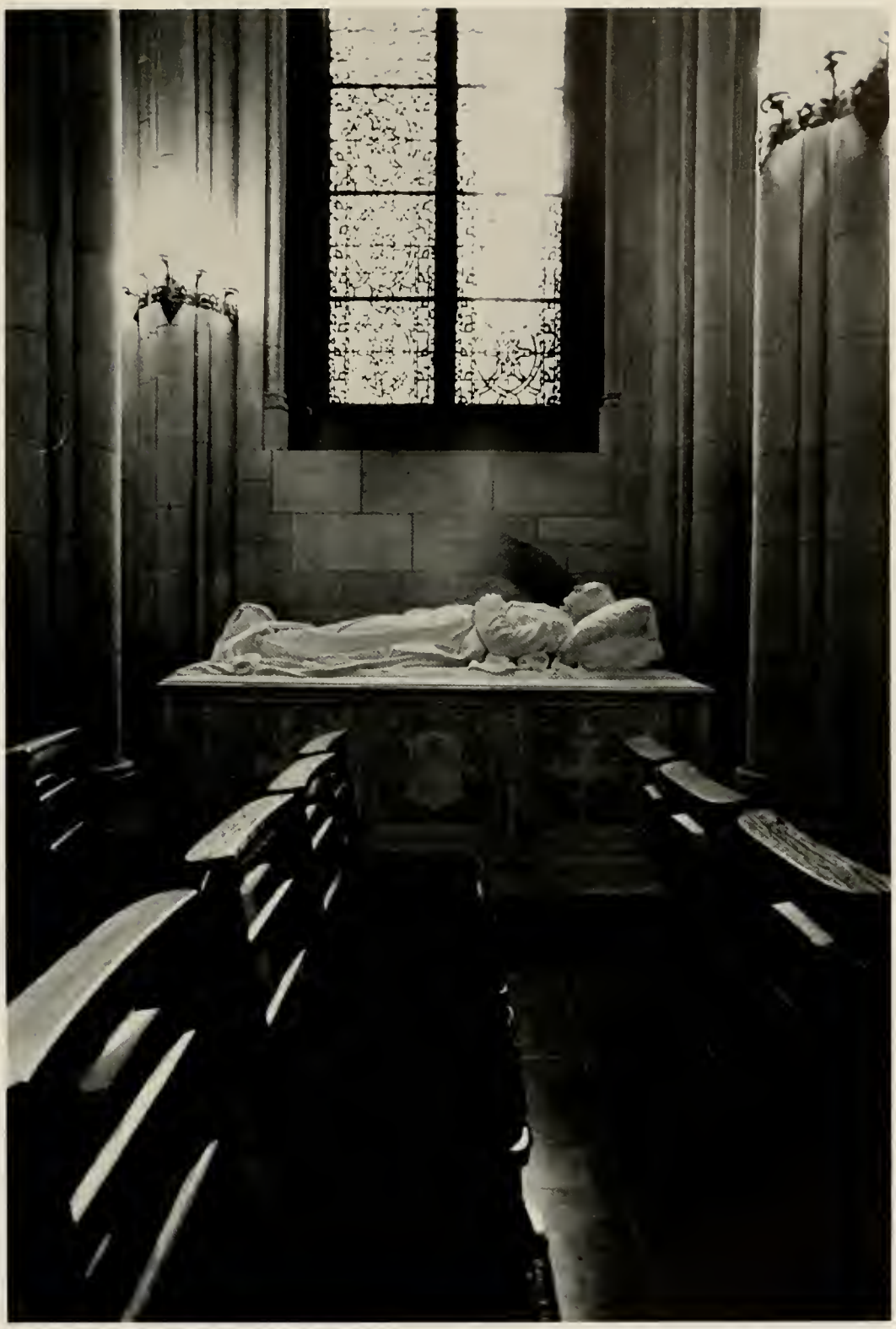
Strange sensations of a Spring day and escape from the study mongering expected of a student's life. I don't know what drives me away from the cloistering, my prenatal-like attachment to an odd conglomeration of stones. But I wander outward. Warmth a primary concern, the grass feels cool on my unclad feet. Brightness and a sense of admissible freedom. (Not even a Friday) A few stony steps toward Sarah P., a short physical distance that transforms, transports me momentarily to a different world. Books strewn on the ground, shirt quickly removed, flips of the wrist send small shadows soaring, nearly naked bodies chasing or waiting expectantly, small children laughing and clumsily half running, dogs large and small barking and jumping, sometimes intercepting. The sky is rainbowed. Behind the back, between the legs, off the shoulder, sidearms. Sometime crashes of leaves, sometime skimming the ground, sometime splashes of water, woefully followed by wading slim or waiting time or many fallen branched efforts to retrieve. Strange sensations of a Spring day and pleasure derived from a small plastic disc.

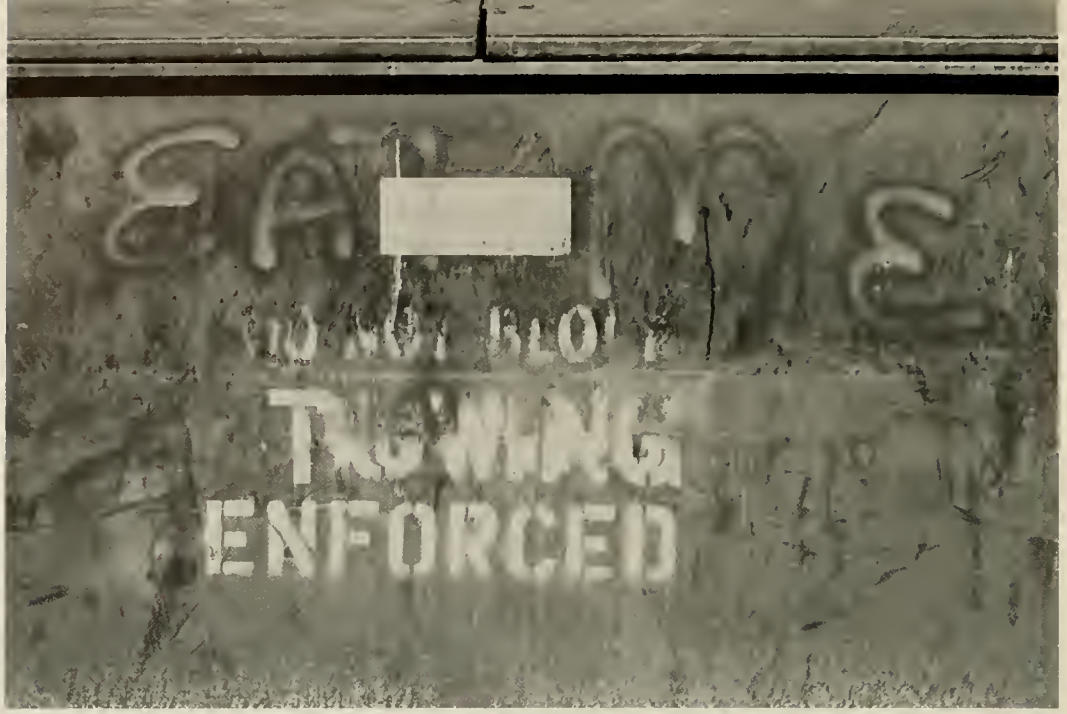
'SCAPES

35


DURHAM
ORANGE
Durham
Chapel Hill
Carrboro
Raleigh
Cary
Apex
Morrisville
Hillsborough
Bahama
Butner
Creedmoor
Northside
Hester
Wilton
Franklinton
Youngsville
Wake Forest
Oak Grove
Bilboa
Bennett Place
Lowes Grove
Nelson
Neuse
Greshams L
Rolesville
New Hope
Pearces
Wakefield
Millbrook
Knightdale
Eagle Rock
Wendell
Zebulon
Bunn
Riley
Pilot
Schley
Efland
Saxapahaw
University Lake
Farrington
Bynum
Pittsboro
Wilsonville
Newhill
Bonsal
Merry Oaks
Holly Springs
McCullers
Fuquay
Varina
Willow Springs
Clayton
Garner
Auburn
Archer Lodge
Lake Wheeler
State Fair
Research Triangle Pk.
W B Umstead St. Pk
Haw R.
Hope R.
Neuse R.
Eno R.
Little R.
Tar R.
Stem
Cedar Grove
Louisburg
Maple
FRANKL

Three of Duke's most impressive products are its ghosts, its garbage and its graduates. A by-product of the educational process at Duke are its ghosts — the invisible legion of students who have remained in the Durham area after graduation. Some stay because they realize that the Triangle area is a rather nice place to live. Others stay because they have formed attachments. A few stay because for various reasons they have nowhere else to go. Not every university produces ghosts, and the fact that Duke does indicates that something of value resulted from undergraduate years spent here. What exactly this "something" is varies from individual. The ghosts keep this "something" alive, and further contribute to life at Duke by providing continuity and a sense of community.

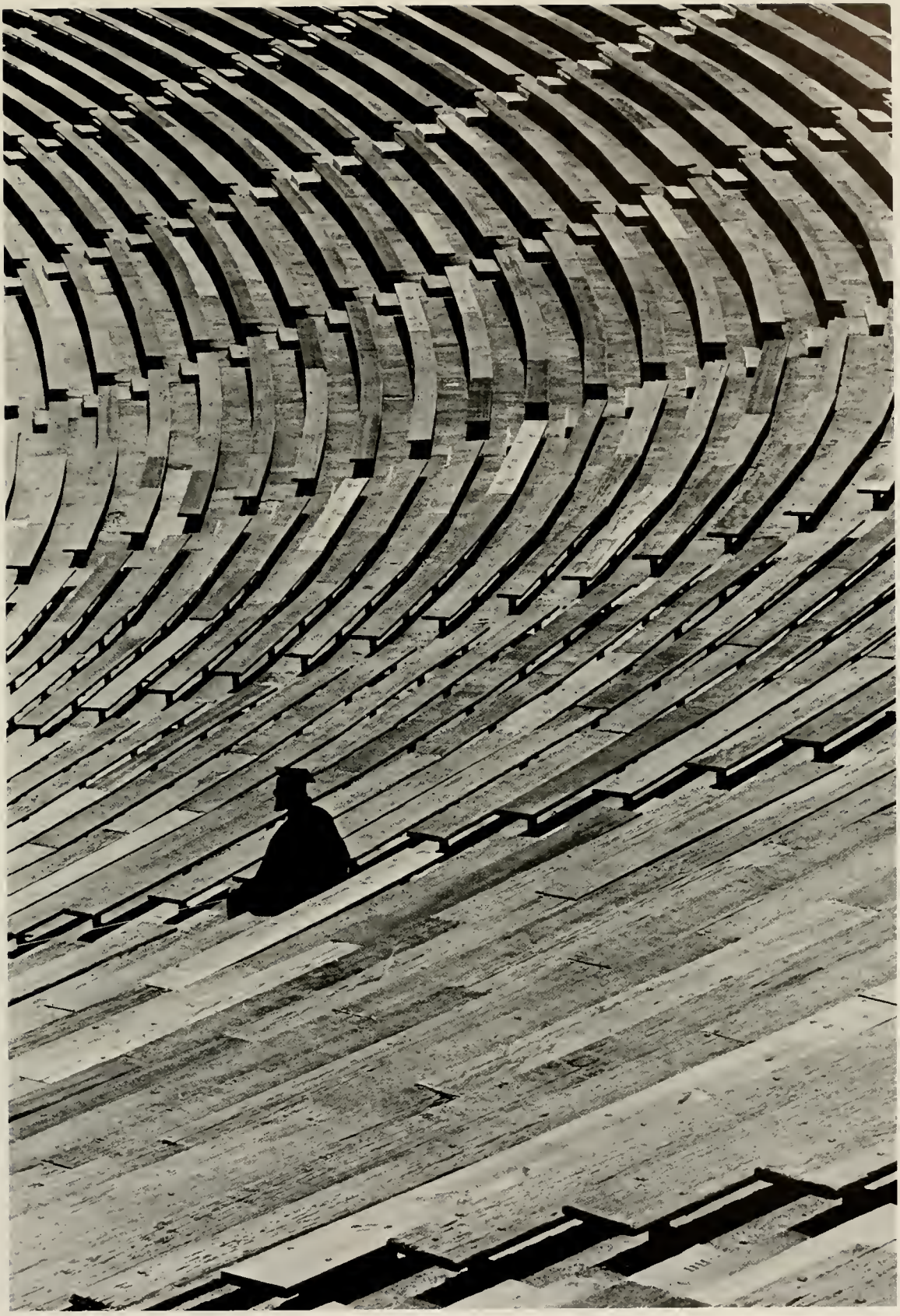


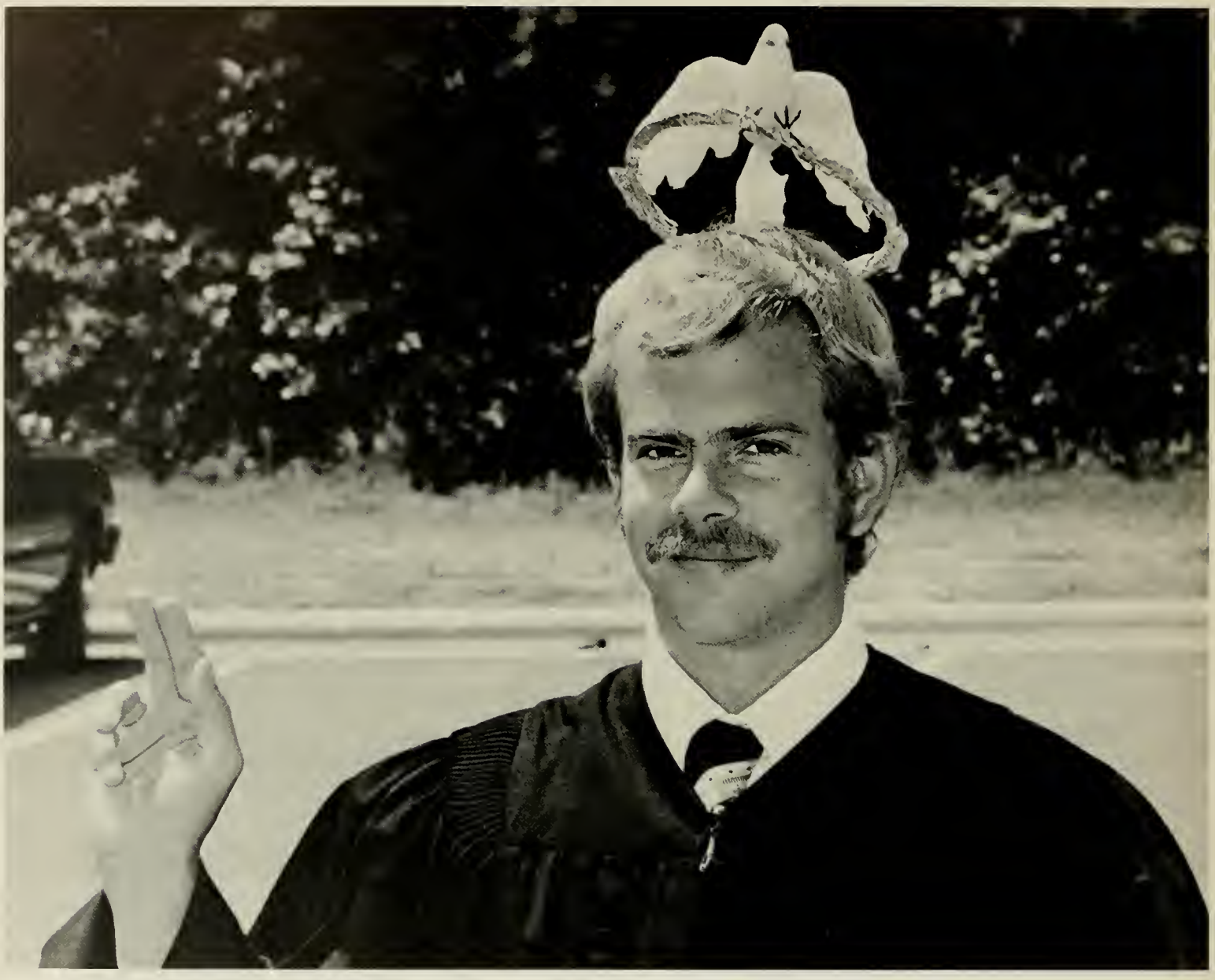


The visible garbage, that which goes into the green containers and is carted away, is but a small part of the immense production. Less visible, but equally significant in any assessment of the university's productive capacity, is the unadulteraed garbage of official propaganda, of manufactured student needs and services, of bureaucratic batrachomyomachie, of weekend term papers, of protestations of intense intellectual curiosity and efforts, of social activities and housing arrangements which foster herd behavior, of skills and knowledge without corresponding ethical perceptions, of departmental pettiness — the list could continue indefinitely. Efficient removal of this less visible worthless and offensive product could perhaps enable this institution to become the university it pretends to be and has the potential of becoming.

DUKE PLAYERS
OPEN TRYOUTS
THE LITTLE FOXES
THURS., FRI., OCT. 2
7:30 PM
BRANSON THE
D.C.
For Weekend of Oct. 29

All of this garbage, of course, is incidental to the production of graduates. Duke graduates come in a variety of models. Some are students who have entered into the spirit of the university and have developed the skills necessary for exploring the universe. Others are those who have merely survived four years of work, or who have prepared themselves to be sophisticated members of a country club. There are even graduates who have served their term learning nothing of value because they refused to believe that they could learn anything and, as a consequence, leave Duke holding the same prejudices with which they entered. If the quality of the product is to be improved perhaps priorities should be changed so as to increase the number of imaginative teachers and reduce class sizes (provided that quality is an Administration objective.)





Ian
Abrams

Peter
Acker

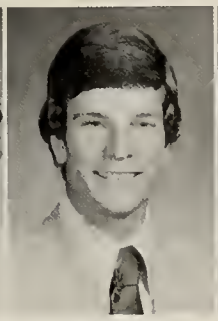
Jeffrey
Akman

Mitchell
Albert

Julia
Allen

Kathleen
Allman

Martin
Alsays

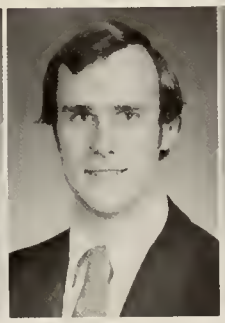


Christopher
Ambroze

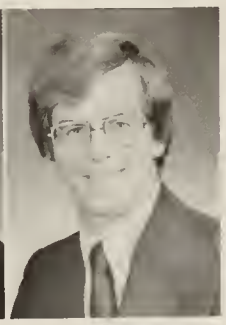
Kathleen
Amos

Berta
Anderson

Nancy
Anderson



Roger
Anderson



Craig
Ansel

Larry
Arbuckle

Gwen
Arens

Tate
Armstrong

Stephen
Arnstein

Rachael
Arrington

Harris
Asbell

Todd
Atwood

William
Aven

Gilbert
Ayers

Marianne
Baker

Elizabeth
Baldwin

Robert
Balzekas

Lon
Baratz

Jane
Barnes

Meg
Barnhouse

Laura
Barrett

Mark
Barry

Steven
Bartolutti

Christine
Baser

Linda
Batwonas

G. Andrew
Bauer

John
Bauer

Kathleen
Bauman

Kim
Bauman

Lynn
Baumblatt

Robert
Bayles

V. Lynn
Bays

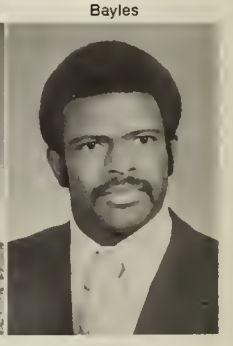
Susan
Beck

Linda
Becker

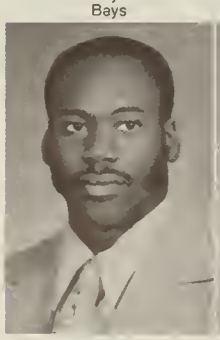
Mark
Begandy

Steven
Beilke

Vickie
Benjamin

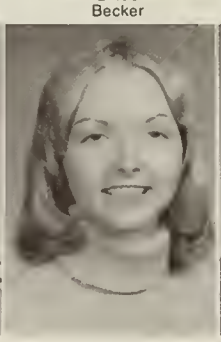


Michael
Bennett



Tony
Benjamin

Vickie
Benjamin

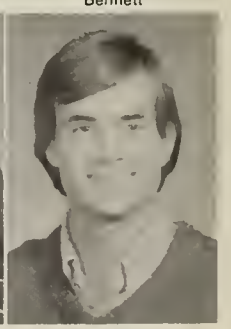


Wendy
Bergfeldt

John
Berlin

Marc
Bernstein

Joanna
Berry



George
Bishopric

Mark Bishopric
Linda Bjornstad
Robert Blackburn
Pattie Bland
Jeffrey Blauvelt
Lu Blizzard
Rebecca Boehling
Linda Bognar
Bruce Bonar
Ellen Bonder
Susan Booth
Edward Bott
Linda Bowden
Randall Bowen
Michael Bramble
Audrey Brandon
Barry Brantman
Sharon Brash
Thomas Braverman
Scott Brazer
Sue Brazzamano
Scott Brister
Paul Brooks
Alexandria Brown
Beth Brown
Peggy Brown
Robert Brown
James Bruyette
Joel Buchanan
Sally Buechel
Dennis Bunton
David Burk
Lee Burnett
Grover Burthey
Jonathan Burton

James Bush

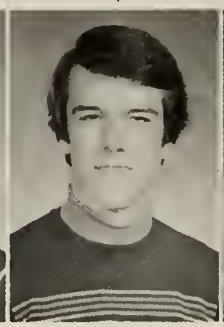
Stephen Campanella

Dorothy Campbell

Elizabeth Campbell

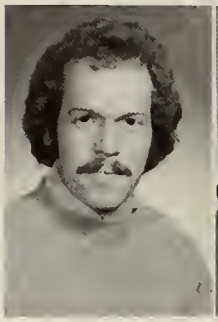
Walter Campbell

Susan Carey



John Cargile

Anita Carlsen



Thomas Carr

Margot Carroll

Winifred Carson

Lester Cash

William Cassell

Joan Cassetta

John Chang

Virginia Cheek

Frank Chesson

Mona Chin

Ivy Chiu

Mary Choroszy

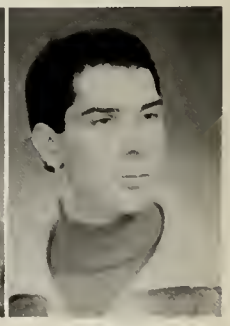
John Christanovicz

Kyle Citrynell

Raymond Claflin

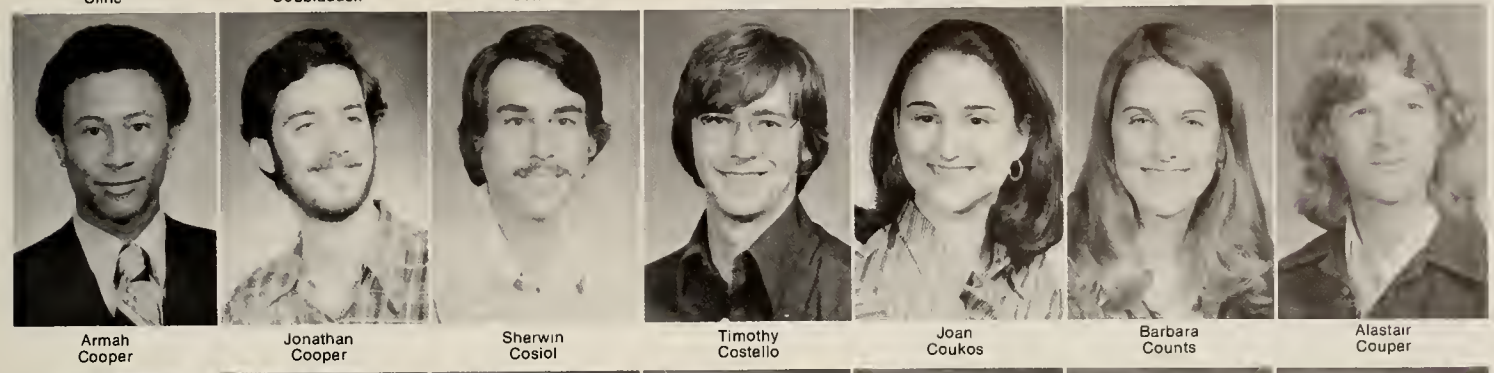
Courtney Clark

Robert Clausi

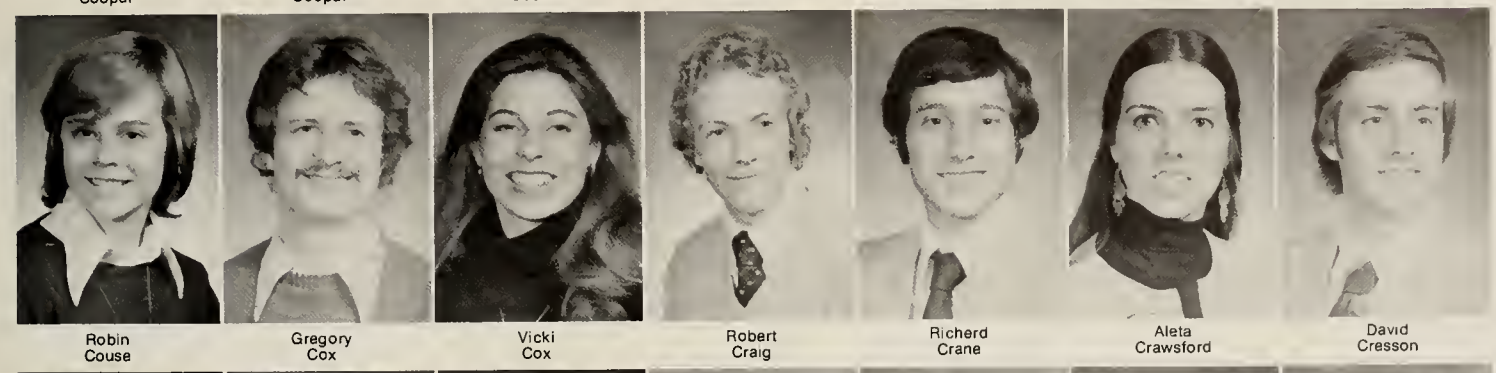


John Clayton

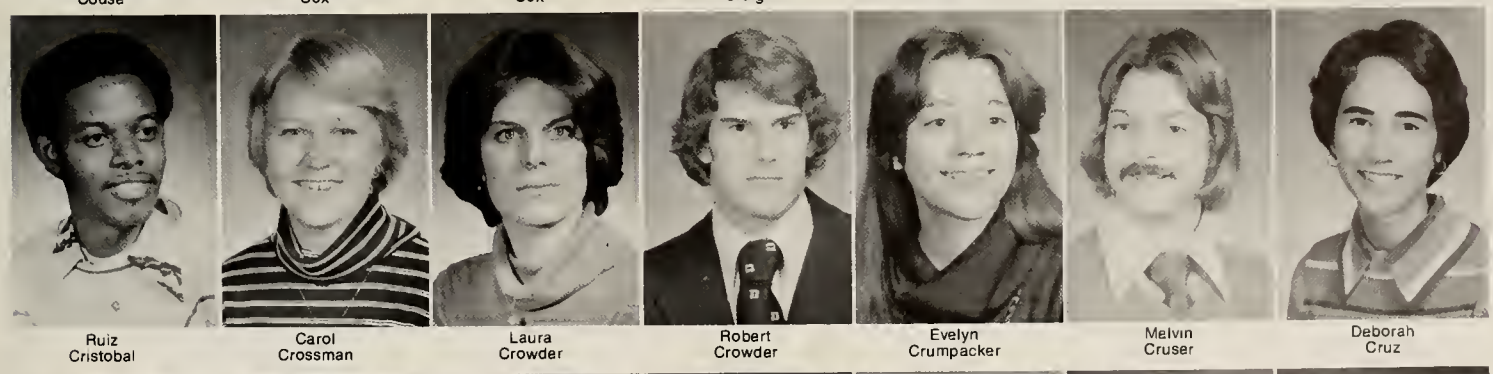
Linda Cline | Nancy Cobbledeck | Martha Cohn | John Collins | Margaret Conant | Pamela Cook | Clay Cookerly



Armah Cooper | Jonathan Cooper | Sherwin Cosiol | Timothy Costello | Joan Coukos | Barbara Counts | Alastair Couper

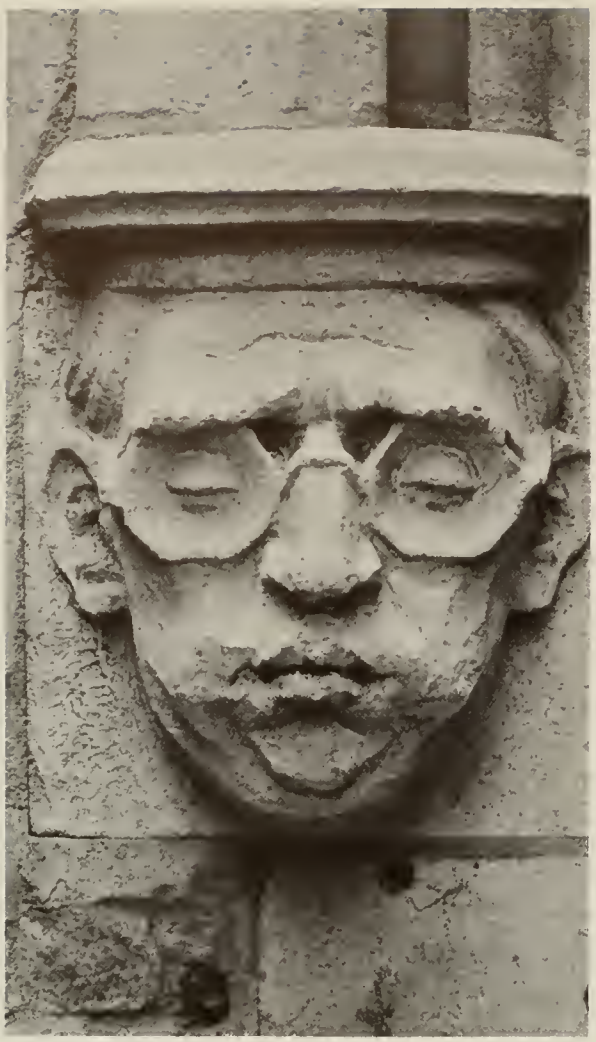


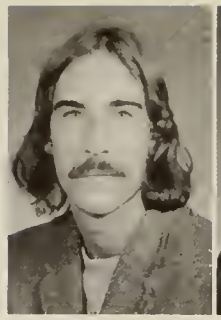
Robin Couse | Gregory Cox | Vicki Cox | Robert Craig | Richerd Crane | Aleta Crawsford | David Cresson



Ruiz Cristobal | Carol Crossman | Laura Crowder | Robert Crowder | Evelyn Crumpacker | Melvin Cruser | Deborah Cruz

Cindy Culbreth | Holly Cullison | Jane Curtis | Mary Dallas | Beth Daniel | Michelle Carcey | Barbara Davidson





James
Davidson

James
Davis

Lee Roy
Davis

Henry
Deaver

Pamela
Davis

Amy
Dean

Laureen
DeBuono

David
Deckelbaum

Betsy
DeHaas

Mia
DeKuyper

Allan
DeLaine

Nancy
DeLong

Alexander
DelRusso

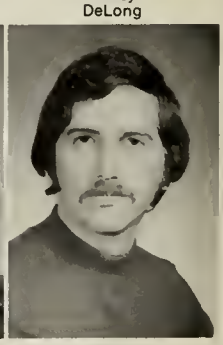
Maureen
Demarestm

Doug
Dembling

Sims
Demere'

Barbara
DeSantis

Susanne
Dieffenbach



John
Dileo

Thomas
DiMaggio

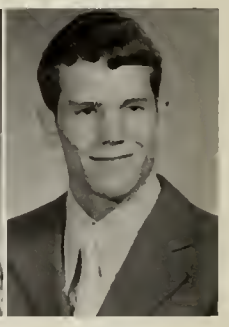
Elizabeth
Dobbin

John
Dolph

George
Dom

Susan
Donahue

Doug
Doores



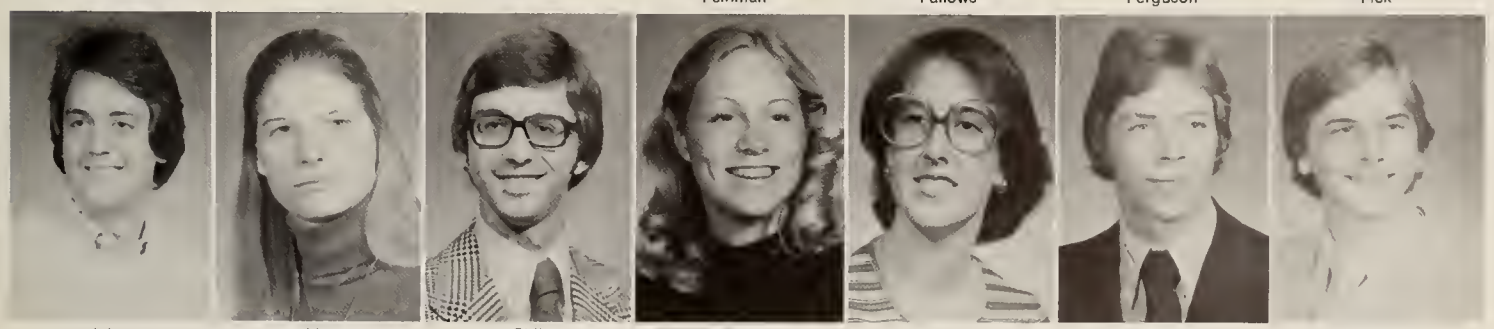
Patrick
Driscoll

David Duke | Jeanne Dul | Margaret Duncan | Martha Dunn | Richard Dunseith | Diane Duus | James Dyer

Dale Eastman | Charles Eby | Mary Edgerton | Mitch Edmondson | Fred Ehrsam | Andrew Eichner | Howard Eisinger

Jamin Ekelman | Rob Ellett | Larry Engelman | Laura Englund | Vicki Erickson | Michael Eshleman | April Evans

Craig Everhart | Susan Farrar | Jean Farrell | David Feinman | Elizabeth Fellows | George Ferguson | Duncan Fick



John Fife | Lisa Fischbeck | Philip Fischer | Kathleen Flanagan | Lisa Fleisig | Ross Fogleman | Stephen Fowlkes

Douglas Fredericks

Theodore Freeman

Don Friedman

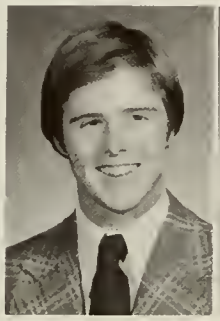
Theodore Friedman

John Frieling

Phyllis Frothingham

Edward Fudman

George Fultz



Greg Gallagher

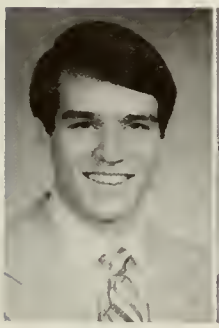
John Gallalee

Edith Gardiner

William Gardner

Woods Garland

Whitfield Gaston



George Gehrett

Judith Gellman

Gina Gillard

Mark Gilliand

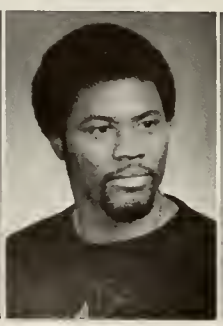
Amy Ginsburg

Richard Glaser

Ellen Glassco

Amy Glassman

Ronnie Glickman



Arthur Gore

Robert Gottstein

Craig Gourley

Linda Grasmick

Karl Grass

James Graumlich
Kelly Graves
David Grayson
Carol Green
Phillip Grigg
Gail Gronlund
Joanne Grua
Brian Grundmeier
Janet Guyon
Robert Haigh
Karen Halgren
Helen Hall
Linda Halperin
Fredessa Hamilton
Winifred Hamilton
Bradley Hamlin
Michael Hamrick
Patricia Hannan
Susan Hanway
Helen Hardin
Michele Harkey
Hannah Harris
Michael Harris
Mitchell Harris
O. Morton Harris
Carolyn Hartman
Bill Harvey
William Haston
Lisa Hatcher
James Haugh
Sophia Havasy
Wendy Havran
Barbara Hawk
Dale Hayes
Richard Heckert

Lois
Heckmann

Jeffrey
Heller

Jeffrey
Henderson

Susan
Henking

Robert
Henry

Georgeanne
Henshaw

Neal
Herland

Gretchen
Hess

Gerri
Hibbard

Charles
Hill

Stevan
Himmelstein

Darcy
Hitchcock

Steven
Hively

Bruce
Hoffman

Stephen
Hoffman

Paul
Honigberg

Walter
Horne

Juana
Horstman

Julia
Howell

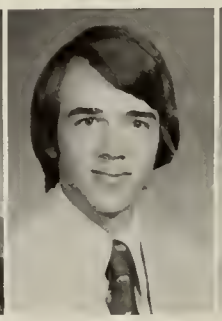
Leigh
Howerton

Charles
Howes

Keiko
Hsu

Catherine
Hubert

James
Hull



Craig
Hume

Ellen
Humphries

Constance Hunter | Elizabeth Hutchison | Robert Hyatt | Nelson Hyde | Marlene Hyer | Zac Isaac | Martha Jacobi

Martin Jacobs | Bonnie Johnson | Luann Johnson | Robert Johnson | Shena Johnson | Lewis Johnston | Beverly Jones

Claudia Jones | Joan Jones | Pamela Jones | Yollette Jones | Janis Jordan | Elisa Kapell | Alan Karo

Charles Karukstis | Kerry Karukstis | Lisa Katzenstein | Suellen Kauffman | Kathleen Kaylor | Ken Keels | Keiki Kehoe

Allan Kelley | Omar Khalifa | Andy Kientz | Loretta King | S. Starr King | Douglas Kingsbery | David Kirsh

Laura
Koffenberger

John
Kohl

Paul
Konigsburg

Douglas
Koteen

Edward
Kramer

Jeffrey
Krosnoff

John
Kreit

Kenneth
Kress

Frederick
Kretzschmar

Lisa
Krieger

Marc
Kutler

Georgios
Kyvernitis

Charles
Lallier

William
Lamason

M.A
Lancaster

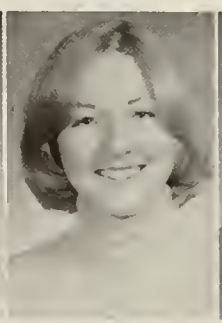
Newmaur
Landaiche

James
Langford

Lynne
Lanning

Amy
Lapwing

Susan
Larrick



Susan
Larson

Boz
Latham

Leslie
Laurien

Carl
Laystrom

Ruth
Lee

Bob
Leech

Daniel Leiman
Karen Leitinger
Timothy Leppert
Amy Levinson
Peter Levinson
John Lewallen
Don Lewellen
Darcy Lewis
Steve Liccione
Nancy Lifson
Joni Light
Ellen Lilly
Tom Lindley
Kathryn Litterst
John Little
David Llewellyn
Sharon Locke
Cynthia Loew
David Lorenzo
David Low
Gary Lucido
Judy Luke
Hugh Lumpkin
Evelyn Lynch
Linda Lyons
Donald MacDougall
Charles MacFarlane
Elizabeth Macom
Mary Mahoney
David Manzer
Sandra Marhoefer
Paul Marshburn
Nathaniel Martin
Beverly Mason
Pamela Mason

Aileen
Masterson

James
Matthews

John
Maunsell

Elizabeth
Maxwell

Olivia
Mayer

Marshall
Mays

Kevin
McCarferty

Susan
McCoy

Nancy
McCrea

Brent
McDonald

Robin
McDonald

Duncan
McEwen

Mara
McFadden

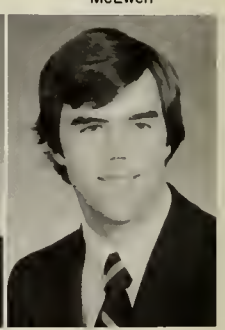
Kevin
McGaley

Stuart
McGeady

Willa
McIntosh

Colin
McKinnon

Mildred
McNair



David
McNeil

Laura
McVey

Steven
Meador

Allen
Mebane

Suzanne
Meeker

Christopher
Mellott

Peter
Mendel

Guy
Mercer

Paul Messner
Aspasia Michalakis
Bill Middleton
Elizabeth Middleton
Laura Middleton
Bill Miller
Carol Miller
Mark Miller
Richard Miller
Tara Miller
Peter Mills
Stan Moeschl
Melissa Moore
Richard Moore
Sara Moran
Wendy Moran
Mary Morgan
Hugh Morris
Susan Morris
Robert Morrison
Shahriar Mossaded
Marjorie Muench
James Mulchahey
John Mulroy
Brenda Murphy
George Murphy
Robert Murray
Cynthia Mynatt
Peter Mason
Deborah New
Cheryl Newburg
Paul Newby
Lou Ann Newman
Broadie Newton
David Nicolaides

Robert
Nobile

Elizabeth
Norcross

Geoffrey
Northrop

Christopher
Northup

Suzy
Nugent

Christopher
O'Dell

Charles
Ogburn

Brian
O'Leary

Jeffrey
Olian

Randall
Olson

Cynthia
O'Neill

Jose
Artega

Jeanne
Osborne

Lawrence
Otto

Cheryl
Overs

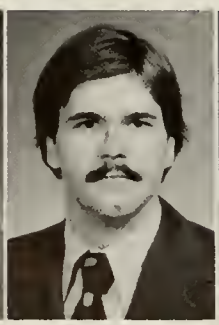
Stephen
Pagliuca

Pam
Pardue

Barry
Parker

Charles
Parker

Vann
Parker

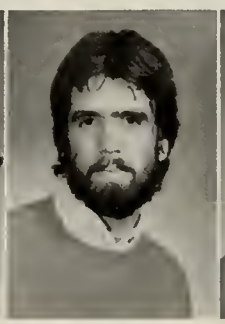


George
Parkerson

Kevin
Patterson

Rebecca
Patton

Sue
Peck



Enrique
Pendosa

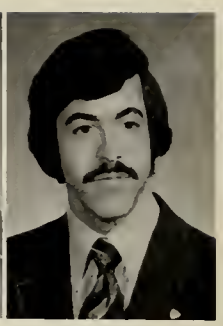
Philip
Penn

Anne Peret
Robert Perkins
Cassandra Perry
M.R. Peterson
Gary Phillips
Constance Philpot
G. Kellum Plasket
Amy Plesser
Karen Pogmore
Wayne Poll
Arthur Pollard
Lisa Post
Claire Potter
Dale Poulnot
Win Pound
Kimberly Powell
Patricia Poyet
Richard Prevatt
Peter Quance
Rebecca Ragsdale
Sue Ramage
Linda Ramsey
Elizabeth Rand
Brenda Rank
Susan Recotr
Virginia Reeve
Margarita Rehbein
Nancy Rehrer
Eric Reiman
Cornelia Reimold
Martha Reiner
William Reinhardt
Julie Remter
Patricia Rexroad
Sally Rice

Eleanor Richards

Claire Rickard

Mary Riva



Charlie Roberts

Larry Roberts

Margaret Roberts

David Robie

Donald Rocap

Constance Rocktoff

Joan Rockwell

Brian Roe

Ellen Rollings

Glenda Rollins

Sandra Rolter

Rebecca Romney

Gail Rosenberg

Jane Rosenfeld

Sara Rosenquist

Craig Rosenstein

David Rosenthal

Robert Rosequist

Julie Ross

William Roush

Mary Rowland

Floyd Rowley

Marie Rownd

Carolyn Rudd
Glyn Sandzen
Robert Sandford
Jim Scaduto
Duane Schell
Robert Schmid
Norbett Schmidt
Antoinette Schoene
Steve Schwartz
Joan Scruggs
William Secrest
Glenn Seeley
Rodney Sensibaugh
Wanda Settles
William Shabb
Elizabeth Shankle
Marc Shapiro
Grethen Shappert
Mark Sherman
Stuart Sherman
David Simmons
Gale Simmons
Lisa Simmons
Susan Smarr
Rose Smiley
Anne Smith
Leslie Smith
Michael Smith
Thomas Smith
Winifred Smith
Suzan Smyth
Doree Sobel
Mary Soper
Katy Sords
Jeffrey Sourbeer

Kim
Spalthoff

Donna
Sparks

Kathy
Sperling

John
Spillman

Richard
Stacy

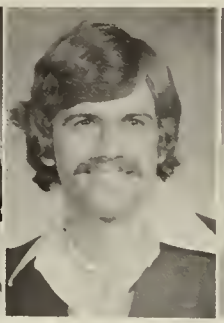
Norman
Stambaugh

John
Staples

Thomas
Stark

Steven
Stern

Laura
Stewart



David
Stewart

Leslie
Stewart

Joann
Stoneburner

Virginia
Stout

Stewart
Stowers

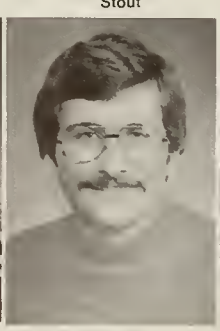
John
Stromsem

William
Stuck

Mary
Sullivan

Stephen
Sullivan

Johanna
Surlz



Ted
Susac

Kristina
Svensson

Susan
Swan

Mary
Sweeney

Deborah
Swinford

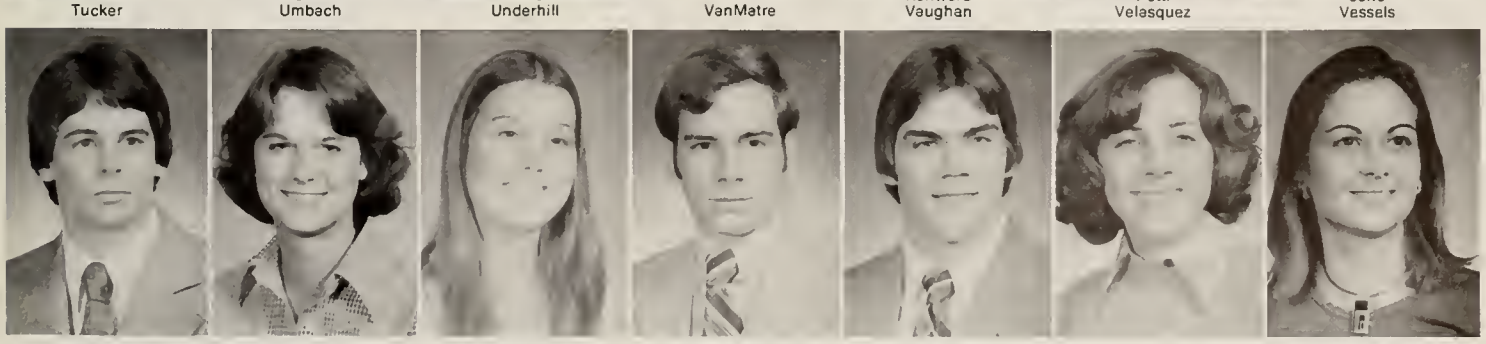
Joseph
Tartaglia

Daniel Taylor | Patricia Telles | Lori Terens | Thomas Thames | William Thawley | Laura Thiel | Margo Thienemann

Karen Thomas | Peter Thomison | Robert Thompson | Judith Thorpe | Phyllis Thorpe | Henry Tingler | Michelle Tobias

Robert Todd | Richard Toomey | Michael Townson | Andree Tremoulet | Roy Trierweiler | Ellen Trout | Thomas Troutman

Wanda Tucker | Corwin Umbach | Anne Underhill | Claire VanMatre | Kenward Vaughan | Patti Velasquez | Jane Vessels



William Waddell | Janet Walberg | Karen Wales | Russell Walker | Paul Wallace | Wendy Waller | Marian Wallis

Arthur
Walsh

Lexie
Walton

Laurie
Waltz

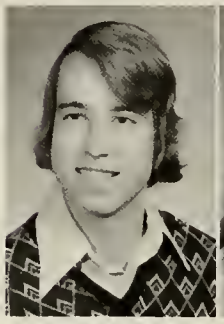
Jean
Wan

John
Ward

Joe
Warner

David
Watson

Maureen
Weaver



Andrew
Weisman

Tracey
Weis

Jacqueline
Welch

Howard
Werman

Kathryn
West

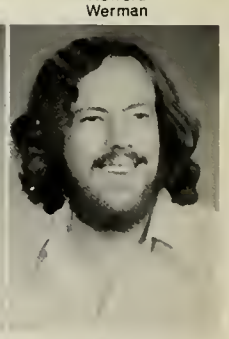
Beth
Whanger

Thomas
Whildin

David
White

Raymond
White

Vera
White



Mitchell
Wiener

Barbara
Wiezer

Stacey
Wilhits

Beth
Wilkening

Amy
Williams

Shelley
Williams

Thomas
Williams

Wayne
Williams

Charles Williamson

Cary Willism

Patricia Willoughby

Debbie Wilson

Edith Wilson

Anne Winch

Shiela Witherspoon

Terence Wong

Stephen Wooten

Robert Wright

Ellen Young

Robert Young

Cliff Younger

Samuel Yousem

Donna Zarutzkie

Nancy Zeigler

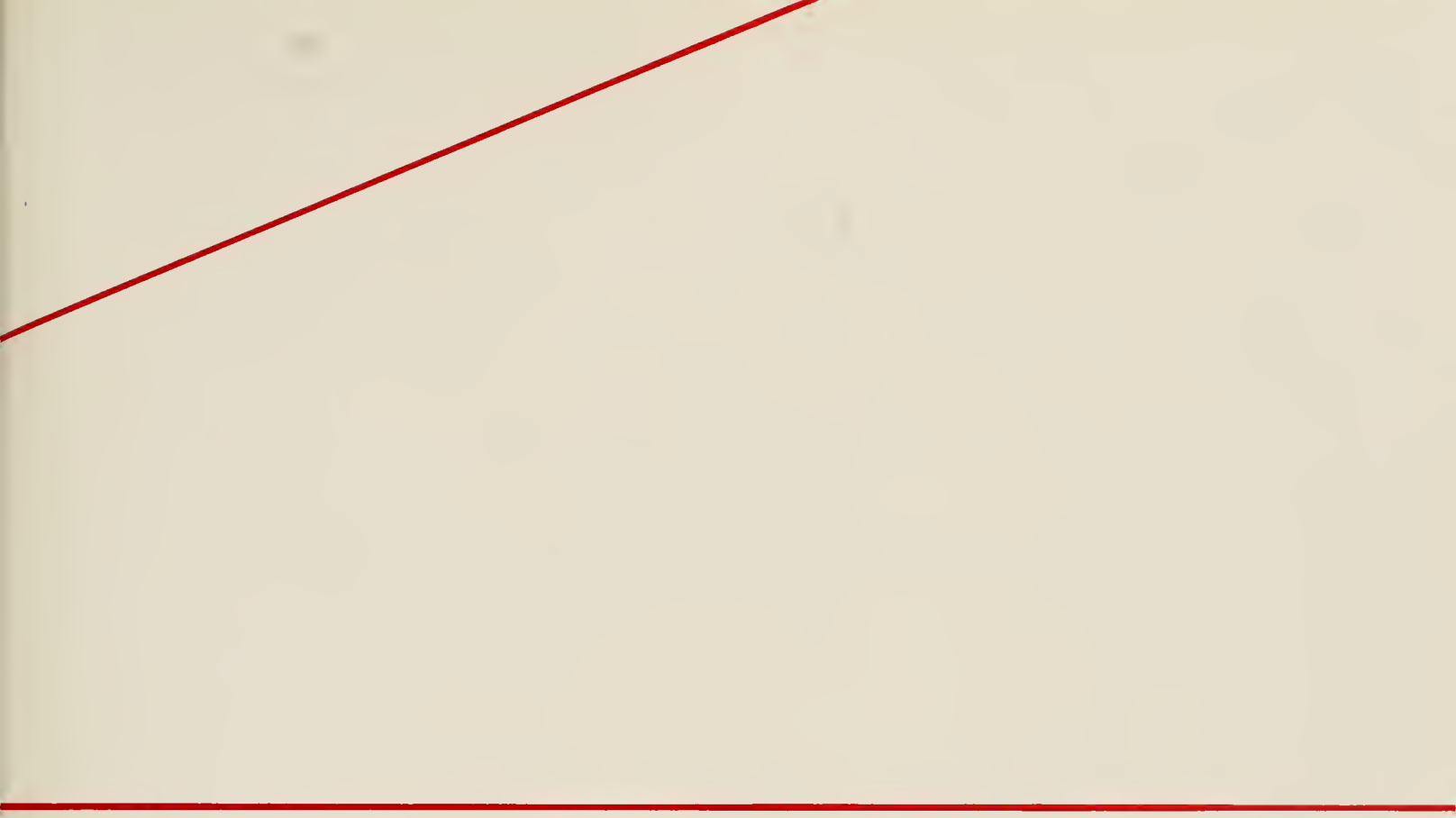
Mary Zellinger

Debra Zimer

Julia Ziurys

Charles Zombro

Karen Zuidema



A pair of parabolas

This year's **CHANTICLEER** is the culmination of the collective energies and experiences of Willy, Russell, Robin-Eve, David, Bill and Scott, as made possible by the Duke Community — to say otherwise would be to lie. People profoundly affecting this experience were ...

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*"A Duke Newton's Eureka," "Horny," and "The Comic" are reprinted from **THE CHRONICLE.**

Special Bonus Parable

In a place out of doors, near forests and meadows, stands a jar of vinegar — the emblem of life.

Confucius approaches the jar, dips his finger in and tastes the brew. "Sour," he says. "Nonetheless, I can see where it could be very useful in preparing certain foods."

Buddha comes to the vinegar jar, dips in a finger and has a taste. "Bitter," is his comment. "It can cause suffering to the palate, and since suffering is to be avoided, the stuff should be disposed of at once."

The next to stick a finger in the vinegar is Jesus Christ. "Yuk," says Jesus. "It's both bitter and sour. It's not fit to drink. In order that no one else will have to drink it, I will drink it all myself."

But now two people approach the jar, together, naked, hand in hand. The man has a beard and woolly legs like a goat. His long tongue is slightly swollen from some poetry he's been reciting. The woman wears a cowgirl hat, a necklace of feathers, a rosy complexion. Her tummy and tits bear the stretch marks of motherhood; she carries a basket of mushrooms and herbs. First the man and then the woman sticks a thumb into the vinegar. She licks his thumb and he hers. Initially they make a face, but almost immediately they break into wide grins. "It's *sweet,*" they chime.

"Swee-eet!"

From EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES a novel by TOM ROBBINS.
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HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY
• North Carolina

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